

# THE METROPOLITAN.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 551.—Vol. XXI.

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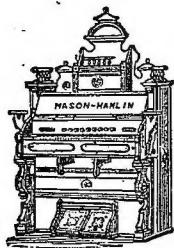
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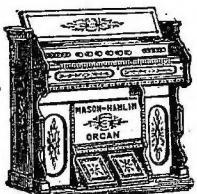
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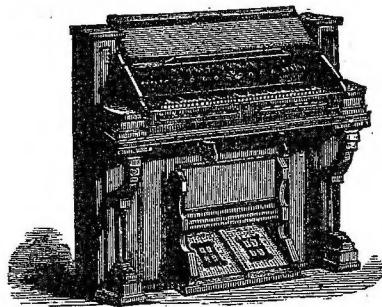
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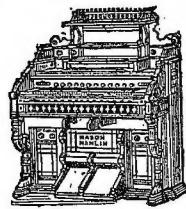
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Price 35 Guineas.

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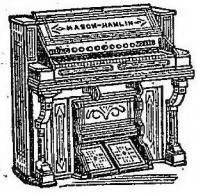
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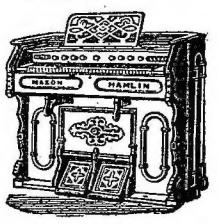


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With "PATENT WATER MOTOR."

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Very Powerful.



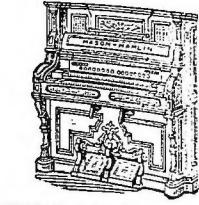
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Price 38 Guineas.

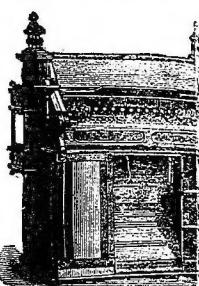
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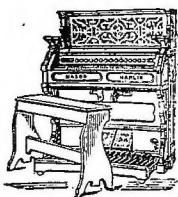


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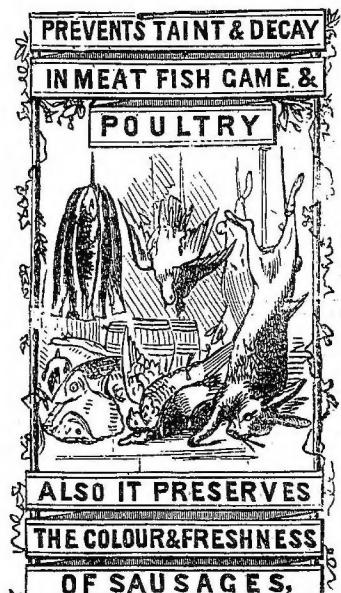
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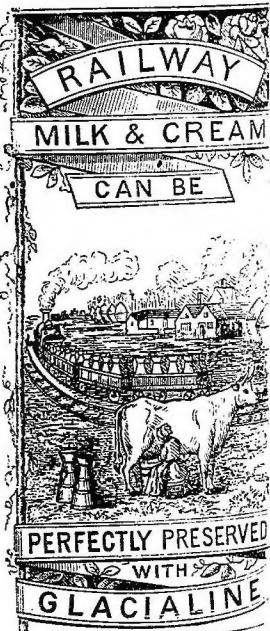
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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 551.—VOL. XXI.  
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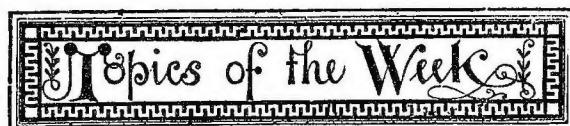
SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1880

PRICE SIXPENCE  
[Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny]



1. The Great Bedouin Steeplechase.—2. The Naval Drag.—3. "Jack's Joy," a Race for all Donkeys.

A RACE-MEETING AT ADEN



**GREECE AND TURKEY.**—Most people are pleased that there is at last a prospect of the Greek Question being disposed of. It is possible that the Porte may make a show of resistance to the Berlin Conference, but its position in the present instance must be sharply distinguished from that which it holds with regard to the Eastern Question in general. There is no real concert of Europe about the fate of Constantinople; there is none even about the proposed reforms, and the means by which they are to be executed. Respecting these matters each Power has interests of its own; and the interests of several of the Powers are seen to be in direct conflict as soon as diplomatists pass beyond vague phrases. Hence the Sultan is able without much difficulty to thwart his counsellors even when they threaten to enforce their advice by armed intervention. But in the case of Greece there is something very like unanimity of opinion. Even Russia is not unwilling to have the matter set at rest, and the remainder of Europe regards the claims of the Hellenic race with positive approval. We have, therefore, good ground to hope that Turkey will give way, and that the aspirations of the Greeks will be in some degree, if not altogether, satisfied. It would be going too far to suppose that the measure will have a very important bearing on the ultimate settlement of the Eastern Question. The forces at work in the East are too complicated and powerful to admit of Greece being the heir of Turkey; she will probably not even have an opportunity of playing a considerable part in the conflict which is certain to arise by and by beyond her borders. But the little State may now, if it pleases, become by force of example one of the most influential agencies in the growth of Eastern civilisation.

**VOLUNTEER REVIEWS.**—Ministries in this country, whether Conservative or Liberal, seldom seem over anxious to meet the expressed wishes of even large sections of the people; and the heads of the great departments of the State seem almost invariably to have a tendency to make themselves unpopular by refusing requests submitted to them. It must be remembered, however, that many of these requests, though ostensibly most reasonable, are not really so, and that the practical objections to granting them are often insuperable. Such seems to be the case in the matter of the proposed Volunteer Review in Hyde Park. The wish to commemorate the "coming of age" of the Volunteer Movement in such a special manner as a Grand Review by the Queen would be, was most reasonable, and its fulfilment indeed most desirable, though the "coming of age" of a movement or institution is not so marked an epoch in its existence as is a centenary, a jubilee, or even a duration of a quarter of a century. But the chief significance of such a review would be that it should be held in the capital of the kingdom; and hence has arisen the difficulty. Hyde Park would, of course, be the only available space in the metropolis for such a purpose, and this it must be confessed would not meet the requirements of the case, for the simple reason that it would not be large enough. The review of Volunteers held there some years ago was a very different thing to what it would be now, when it might be expected that at least 40,000 Volunteers would present themselves in addition to the regular troops required to keep the ground, and that at least a quarter of a million of spectators would flock to the scene. Hyde Park could not hold such a concourse without the utmost confusion, and a vast amount of damage being done to the flower beds, shrubs, trees, and herbage. Much, therefore, as the decision of the authorities is to be regretted as a matter of necessity, it cannot be complained of as unreasonable. Such a review held at Wimbledom or on Epsom Downs would lose the chief part of its significance, and has consequently been declined by the Volunteers themselves. May we take the liberty of suggesting that the Great Park under the walls of the Royal Castle at Windsor would not be an unsuitable *venue*?

**MR. O'DONNELL AND THE GOVERNMENT.**—So far as we know, Mr. O'Donnell's attack on M. Challemel-Lacour has not received the approval of any class of politicians. Liberals and Conservatives alike united in condemning his proceedings, and even Mr. Parnell could not find a word to say on behalf of his erratic colleague. The real difficulty began when Mr. Gladstone abruptly proposed that Mr. O'Donnell should not be heard. Sir Stafford Northcote and other Conservatives have been accused of opposing this suggestion for purely party purposes, but there is no evidence that their intentions were of so mean a kind. A question of the very highest importance had been impulsively raised, and the Opposition would have failed in its duty had it not insisted on a calm consideration of the matter in all its aspects. It is an easy way of getting rid of a disagreeable speaker to reduce him instantly to silence; but the principle, if freely applied, would soon put an end to freedom of debate. The incident, although in itself deplorable, will not be without good effect if it compels Parliament to take up in earnest the whole subject of "obstruction." The Irish members are evidently as anxious

as ever to cast discredit on British institutions, and in existing circumstances they will have no difficulty in finding or making opportunities. It is imperative that an effectual remedy should be discovered; but Mr. Gladstone will not solve the problem by the first suggestion which happens to occur to him in a moment of excitement.

**HARES AND RABBITS BILL.**—By proposing to give the occupiers of land "an unalienable concurrent right" to destroy "ground game" on their holdings, the new Government makes a bid for the tenant farmers' vote and interest, with a view to future political struggles, though at the same time it may be credited with an honest desire to redress a grievance which has been long and urgently proclaimed. That in some, and indeed many, cases, the over-preservation of ground game by the landlord, or lessee of the shooting, has caused, and is causing, most substantial injury to the tenant cannot for a moment be doubted, but at the same time the grievance is not nearly so common as the outcry would suggest. Landlords and their representatives who insist on keeping up an overstock of fur are the exception and not the rule, and even in the case of these exceptions the tenant has not generally much difficulty in obtaining reasonable compensation when he can show that a substantial injury has been done to his crops. This being so, there is a widely-spread feeling on both sides of the House of Commons and throughout the country that the Government Bill is really not of the nature of a necessity, and further that if it is passed, at least in its present shape, it will create an immense amount of ill-feeling between classes generally, and between landlords and tenants in particular. Already the former have, in several instances, declared that it will at once and for ever destroy all kindly feeling between themselves and the occupiers of their land; and one large landed proprietor in Yorkshire is said to have determined in the event of the Bill passing to destroy all the hares and rabbits on his estates, and raise his tenants' rents 10 per cent on the ground that he has made his land more valuable. All this, however, may be taken as mere *brutum fulmen*. The Hares and Rabbits Bill is probably more a sentimental measure than anything else, and even if it passed in its present form things would probably go on pretty much as they have in times past. Nominally, the power of "freedom of contract" will be taken away from both landlord and tenant, and the latter will legally be unable to hand back to his landlord the "unalienable right" given him. But this is a matter in which a nod will be as good as a wink between both parties, and we are not of the number of those who think that the Bill will be a sign for a rural war, or endanger the existence of the *Leporidae* in these islands.

**MR. RICHARD'S MOTION.**—Mr. Richard can hardly have failed to be struck by the fact that nobody disputes the general truth of his propositions about peace. In this country at least, politicians of every shade of opinion admit that peace is in itself a good thing, and that it would be fortunate for the world if disarmament were possible. Elaborate statistics are not necessary for the establishment of these positions; they may be assumed as self-evident. The only real question is whether it is expedient for the British Government to attempt to induce other Governments to lighten the burdens which are at present imposed on the nations of Europe. It is obvious that by doing so England would simply expose herself to a series of very disagreeable rebuffs. No country admits that its army is intended to be used as a weapon of offence. Germany takes every opportunity of declaring that she needs her soldiers for strictly defensive purposes; and the same plea is urged by all her neighbours. Mr. Richard and his friends, of course, regard this as an absurd pretext, but it is surely not impossible that foreign countries are in the best position for knowing what are their own interests. Suppose that England were to set a good example, and to maintain only such naval and military forces as were necessary for her protection against invaders. Suppose, further, that this were followed by an attack on India by Russia; a supposition which even Mr. Richard need have no great difficulty in admitting. The result would be that we should either have to resign India—to our own shame and the detriment of mankind—or we should have to fight for it under conditions incomparably more difficult than those which now exist. In either case our too impulsive humanity would prove to have been inhumanity of the worse kind. Other nations argue in the same way, and they argue rightly. Those who have faith in progress are bound to believe that the time for disarmament will come; but it will not come until the leading States have better ground for trusting in each other's honour than they possess at present.

**THE POTATO DISEASE.**—The appointment of a Select Committee of the House of Commons for the purpose of taking scientific evidence as to the cause of the potato disease in Ireland is right enough in its way; but surely the time has come when something more than "evidence" is required to give us a hope of eventually being able to combat an evil which annually is almost as disastrous as would be a constant failure in our cereal crops. It is more than a quarter of a century ago since Parliament was informed by the lips of Royalty that the rot in the potato had destroyed

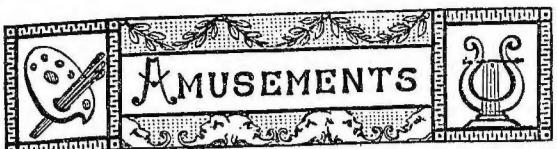
the subsistence of a quarter of Her Majesty's subjects in these islands; and since then there has hardly been a year in which the crop has been entirely free from disease in any of the three divisions of the kingdom. The literature to which the evil has given birth, in the shape of pamphlets, letters, articles, essays, and longer treatises, would fill many large volumes; infinite has been the variety of opinions given as to its causes and their remedies; while all kinds of private and isolated experiments have been made in different parts of the country from time to time in the hope that one or more effectual remedy would be found. But all this to no purpose, and really we seem to be going from bad to worse. Under these circumstances it may be fairly asked whether it is not the duty of the Government to take the matter practically in hand, and carry out continuous and exhaustive experiments in the culture of this valuable and much afflicted tuber. For this purpose a large farm, or several farms, with a variety of soils, should be acquired in different parts of the country, on which thoroughly practical attempts should be made to solve the potato difficulty. All methods hitherto suggested of potato culture should be fairly tried, and new ones applied, and results carefully noted from year to year. Different kinds of potatoes should be planted, and the question of the best "sets" should be practically put to the test—whether whole or divided tubers should be planted, whether they should be large, small, or middle-sized, whether chemicals or other dressing should be used, what the best time for planting, what the best depth, what the best distance between the rows, what the best system of earthing up, and so forth almost *ad infinitum*. Thoroughly practical experiments of this kind, conducted for several seasons, and with no stint of money, would probably give us results far more valuable than all the "evidence" Committees could ever get together.

**COMPENSATION.**—The proposal of the Government that Irish tenants evicted for non-payment of rent shall for a certain time and in certain circumstances receive "compensation," may be dictated by the best intentions; but it has certainly a rather odd appearance. On what ground can men be said to be compensated for the loss of property which has never belonged to them? It may be expedient to relieve the distress of a farmer who has been turned out of his holding because of inability to meet his obligations; but compensation is not mere relief. It recognises the absolute right of the tenant to the soil which he cultivates. Surely a principle is involved here which ought not to be sanctioned without the most thorough examination. The Irish peasantry have always maintained that the land is theirs, and that the landlords are "in a sense" no better than robbers. This view will be in some measure justified if a Bill is passed which forbids landlords, even for a short time and in a few districts, to take possession of farms for which they cannot obtain rent. It cannot be the intention of any English Government to encourage the extravagant hopes which were freely expressed in the course of the agitation of last autumn. Yet by mistaken benevolence we may foster the wildest anticipations—anticipations which, if they led to action, might retard the progress of Ireland by more than a century.

**SELF-ACCUSED MURDERERS.**—When any startling murder has been committed, or human remains found, as recently in Harley Street, suggestive of murder, and the police seem to be at a loss in tracking the perpetrator or perpetrators of the crime, some subtle influence seems at once to begin to work in the community which leads persons to proclaim themselves guilty of the murder in question, or of some other committed years ago, but hitherto undiscovered. An instance of this was the case of a man who a few days ago gave himself up to the police as an accomplice in the murder of Maria Clousen at Eltham in the year 1871, and he is only one of several who since that date have by self-accusation endeavoured to stand in the place of the young man who, after trial, was acquitted of the deed. We shall probably have several persons in like manner affirming their connection with the Harley Street Mystery. Many of these self-accused murderers give themselves up to justice when evidently in that wretched, maudlin, and broken-down state of mind which succeeds a heavy drinking bout; but the majority seem rather to act from mere morbidity of mind, and unnatural desire for temporary notoriety. Such a state of mind is certainly akin to insanity, but still an insanity for which these foolish persons are to a certain extent responsible. It would almost serve them right to treat them as actual lunatics, incapable of taking care of themselves or their affairs; but this would be rather too harsh a measure. At present they get off scot free, after giving a great deal of trouble, and causing expenditure to the country in the investigation of their folly; or at the most suffer but a slight punishment by detention in the hands of the police. Perhaps the infliction of a sound whipping would have the effect of considerably limiting the number of these self-accused murderers, as it has in the case of perpetrators of other follies and offences.

**NOTICE.**—The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 624 and 633.

JUNE 19, 1880



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—EVERY EVENING (excepting Saturday), at 7.45, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE (27th time), terminating with the Trial Scene, Shylock. Mr. Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry. Concluding with an Idyll by W. G. Wills, entitled IOANTHE. Iolanthe, Miss Ellen Terry; Count Christian, Mr. Irving. EVERY SATURDAY EVENING, at 8, THE BELLS (Mathias, Mr. Irving), and IOANTHE. Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Morning Performances of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE every Saturday during June, at 2 o'clock. Shylock, Mr. Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS.—Mrs. S. F. BATEMAN, Proprietor and Manager.—THE DANITES, Joaquin Miller's famous American play, descriptive of life in the Far West, as depicted by Bret Harte. In order that the peculiar dialect and manner should be accurately given, the characters will be represented by the same company of American artists who have—under the management of Mr. McKee Rankin—performed them in all the chief cities of the United States for the past three years. Sandy McGee (a Miner), Mr. Rankin; Messrs. W. E. Sheridan, G. Waldron, M. Lingham, L. Harris, J. Peakes, H. Lee, J. Richardson, and Harry Hawk; Mrs. McKee Rankin, Misses Cora Tanner, J. Waldron, and E. Marble. New scenery, depicting the mountain passes, rude log-huts, and grand trees of California, painted by Thomas W. Hall and Assistants.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—Every Evening, at 7, THE OCTOORON. Misses Adams, Bellair, Rayner, &c.; Messrs. J. B. Howe, Reynolds, Lewis &c. CONCERT. Concluding with THE MILLER AND HIS MEN. Misses Brewer, Summers; Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Keene, Bigwood, &c.

NEW GREECAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. T. G. CLARK.—Every Evening, at 7, THE LOST WITNESS, by Mr. H. Pettitt and Paul Merritt. Messrs. J. H. Clydes, G. Sennett; Misses Marie Allen, J. Coveney, M. A. Victor. To conclude with THE BARGE MAN OF THE THAMES.

CANTERBURY.—Great success of the Grand Ballet, NYMPHS OF THE OCEAN, Invented and Arranged by M. Dewinne. Music by M. Edouard Frewin. Premiere Danseuses: Mdlles. Ada and Alice Holt, supported by Mdlles. Broughton, Powell, Aguzzi; M. Dewinne, M. Carlos, M. Bertram, and the Corps de Ballet.

CANTERBURY.—NYMPHS OF THE OCEAN, Every Evening at 10. Brilliant Scenic Effects, Magnificent Transformation, Gorgeous Dresses, Pretty Music, and the Best of Dancers. "It is not easy to convey to the reader in words an idea of the beauty of the Ballet." "It is worthy to rank with anything of the kind that has preceded it." "Too high praise cannot be given to the principals, whose dancing is fairly enchanting."—*Era*.

CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES. Under Royal Patronage.—Best Entertainment in the World. Special Engagement of all the Star Artists Every Evening at 8. Miss Nelly Power, Miss Emily Mott, Marie Compton, Lizzie Simms; G. H. Macdermott, Arthur Roberts, James Fawn, Victor Liston, Fred Law, Caufield and Booker, De Castro Troupe. Concluding with a Comic Sketch.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS

THE NEW PROGRAMME  
EVERY NIGHT AT 8.  
MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, 3 and 8.  
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS AND BALLADS.  
Fauteuils, 5s.; Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.  
No Fees.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain. VERY CATCHING, by F. C. Burnand; music by J. L. Molloy; After which OUR ASCOT PARTY, by Mr. Corney Grain. Concluding with a New Second Piece, A FLYING VISIT, by Arthur Law, Music by Corney Grain. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings, at 8. Thursday and Saturday Afternoons at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.

MASKELYNE and COOKE, Egyptian Hall.—ENGLAND'S HOME OF MYSTERY.—Mr. Maskelyne's Original and Marvelous Entertainment is given Every Evening at 8, and at 3 and 8 on Saturdays. Herr Adalbert Frikell, the popular sleight-of-hand conjuror, and Little Louie, the Clairvoyant, give their clever performances every Afternoon at 3, excepting on Saturday.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION for RHINELAND, WESTPHALIA, and neighbouring districts, in connection with a Universal German Art Exhibition at Düsseldorf, 1880, open from the 6th May to the end of September, 1880. This Exhibition, the largest that has ever been held in the German Empire, offers, in connection with the magnificent pleasure grounds of the Zoological Gardens, every attraction to the visitor. A very important Exhibition of Art Industrial Antiquities is to be found in a prominent Annex. Admission, from 8 to 10 a.m., 2 marks; from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., 1 mark. Every afternoon at 3 o'clock a large concert is held. In the evening the gardens are lighted by the electric light. Numerous elegantly-arranged restaurants, old-fashioned German wine and beer rooms, Vienna cafe, confectionery, &c. In the centre of the main building is a reading-room with nearly 10,000 home and foreign newspapers, electric railway and lift to the tower view, &c. In the immediate neighbourhood are the stations of the Kolin-Minden and Bergisch-Märkisch Railways. The connection with the town is made by trainways, omnibuses, and a single track of the Bergisch-Märkisch Railway. Post and telegraph offices. Gratis information concerning apartments to be obtained from the office, Bazarstrasse No. 5, Düsseldorf.

SAVOY HOUSE.—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS by the GREAT MASTERS. Also Specimens of Reproductions in Chromo-lithography and Colour Printing, from the Paintings of the English, French, German, and Continental Schools. Catalogues post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

GROSVENOR GALLERY SUMMER EXHIBITION now OPEN from 9 till 7. Admission, 1s. Season Ticket, 5s.

DORÉS GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The NINETY-FOURTH EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN. From 10 till 6. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. 5, Pall Mall East.

ALFRED D. FRIPP, Sec.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. The FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN from nine till dusk. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. 5, Pall Mall, S.W.

H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

FINAL EXHIBITION at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191, PICCADILLY, of the WORKS of ELIJAH WALTON, the whole of which are for Sale at very moderate prices.

From 10 to 6. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

CORPORATION OF LIVERPOOL.

AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS.

NOTICE TO ARTISTS.—The EXHIBITION will OPEN on MONDAY, September 6th, and CLOSE on SATURDAY, December 4th. Receiving Days—August 2nd to the 14th, both inclusive. London Agent—James Bourié, 17, Nassau Street, Middlesex Hospital. Works of Art intended for exhibition, and all communications, must be addressed to the Curator, Mr. Charles Dyall, Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. Forms and further particulars may be had on application.

JOSEPH RAYNER, Town Clerk, Hon. Sec.

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY, A CHEAP FIRST-CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Ticket, 1s.

BRIGHTON.—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS leave Victoria for Brighton every Week-day at 10 a.m. and 4 p.m., and Brighton at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m.; and on Sundays from Victoria 10.45 a.m.; and from Brighton 8.30 p.m.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY. Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m., and London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12 noon.

Day Return Fare, 1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds), available to return by any train the same day.

EVERY WEDNESDAY.—Cheap Day Return Tickets to Brighton, including admission to the Aquarium, are issued from Victoria, London Bridge, and nearly all Stations.

FAMILY and TOURIST TICKETS are now issued, available for one month, from London Bridge, Victoria, &c., to Portsmouth (for Southsea, Ryde, Cowes, Newport, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor (for Bonchurch and Freshwater), and Hayling Island).

PARIS.—THE SHORT AND CHEAP ROUTE.

VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN. Express Service every Week-night, 1, 2, and 3 Class. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8 p.m. Fares, single, 3s.; 24s., 17s.; return, 5s., 30s., 3s. Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent crews, &c. Trains run alongside Steamer. Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.

Passengers are now booked through from London, To Italy, Switzerland, and the South of France, by this route.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Office, 23, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; and at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

## "THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY OF BEAUTY.

Now open daily to the Public an Exhibition of FEMALE TYPES OF BEAUTY, painted expressly for the Proprietors of "THE GRAPHIC" by the following Artists among others:—

P. H. CALDERON, R.A. PHIL. MORRIS, A.R.A. MARCUS STONE, A.R.A. G. STOREY, A.R.A. C. E. PERUGINI. ALMA TADEMA, R.A. E. LONG, A.R.A. J. J. TISSOT.

AND "CHERRY RIPE," by J. S. MILLAIS, R.A. A Collection of Black and White Drawings by the following Artists are also on view:—

H. HIERKOMER, A.R.A. CHARLES GREEN. J. CHARLTON. E. J. GREGORY. W. SMALL. H. WOODS. MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON. S. E. WALLER. CHARLES GREEN. E. K. JOHNSON. R. CALDECOTT. SEYMOUR LUCAS. W. L. THOMAS. GEORGE H. THOMAS.

The Exhibition also includes Water-Colour Drawings by

CHARLES GREEN. E. K. JOHNSON. SEYMOUR LUCAS. W. L. THOMAS.

ADMISSION: ONE SHILLING.

14, GRAFTON STREET, One Door from 164, NEW BOND STREET.

NOTE.—As the proceeds will be given to a charitable fund for the benefit of Artists, no free invitations will be issued.



## THE QUEEN.

Written by Mrs. OLIPHANT,  
AND ILLUSTRATED WITH  
OVER FORTY ENGRAVINGS OF PORTRAITS AND  
INCIDENTS IN HER MAJESTY'S LIFE;  
Accompanied also by a  
LARGE PRESENTATION PLATE,  
Measuring 33 inches by 25 inches,  
PRINTED IN COLOURS,  
REPRESENTING A PORTRAIT GROUP  
OF

THE ROYAL FAMILY,  
WILL BE PUBLISHED ON JUNE 23,  
AND FORM

## THE GRAPHIC SUMMER NUMBER.

The character of Mrs. Oliphant's writings is too well known to need comment here—it is sufficient to say that this Biography of the Queen is full of interest from beginning to end, and, aided by the numerous illustrations, it cannot fail to command the attention of many thousands of Her Majesty's loyal subjects.

N.B.—As only one edition of the Coloured Plate can be issued, it will be necessary to order immediately of your regular Newsagent.

PRICE ONE SHILLING. Postage, 3d. extra.

OFFICE: 190, STRAND, LONDON.



## A RACE-MEETING AT ADEN

IT is well known that wherever the wandering Briton finds a resting-place in foreign climes he is pretty sure to introduce without much delay a variety of British sports and amusements, and racing being one of the most popular pastimes of his countrymen will certainly not be left out of the programme. Aden, which has been a British garrison-town since 1839, and which, since the opening of the Suez Canal, has recovered something of its ancient importance as a trading station, is no exception to the above rule. The town lies at the base of a mountain range which rises to the height of 1,776 feet, and the character of the surrounding scenery is well shown in our sketch, where the "Naval Drag" is represented on its way to the race-course. The importance of this vehicle and of its occupants is clearly indicated not only by the huge label behind, but by the white ensign floating over the roof. In another sketch we have a representation of the "Great Bedouin Steeplechase," a sufficiently dangerous competition we should imagine from the ungainly character of the animals employed, even though the jump be nothing more than a two-foot ditch in the level sand. "Jack's Joy: a Race for all Donkeys," needs no description, such spectacles being common enough at "Appy 'Ampstead" and other places of popular resort at home in England. Our engravings are from sketches by Captain E. Walsh, 8th Brigade, Royal Artillery.

## THE FUNERAL OF THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

THE funeral procession of the late Empress of Russia, when the body was transferred from the chapel of the Winter Palace to the Cathedral Church of the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, was exceedingly grand and striking, being composed of some five thousand persons. The route throughout was draped in black, even the lamp-posts being shrouded in crape, and large platforms had been erected for the accommodation of thousands of spectators. At noon a black standard hoisted on the Winter Palace announced that the procession had started. Innumerable banners on shields, representing the various provinces of the Russian Empire, borne by various delegates, bodies of picked troops, officials carrying the thirteen escutcheons inscribed with the different arms of the Imperial family, deputations of peasants, of the Red Cross, of philanthropic and of learned societies, of nobles, and of the different educational and charitable institutions founded by the Empress came first in ten separate sections, and next followed the Ministers and Secretaries of State on foot, Her Majesty's gala carriage—a costly coach presented to the Empress Elizabeth by Frederick the Great in 1746. The Empress's insignia and foreign orders and the Imperial Crown, borne by high personages and escorted by a guard of honour, and then the Metropolitan and hundreds of clergy in their gorgeous robes of office, and bearing tapers. These last immediately preceded the hearse, which, drawn by eight horses and deeply draped in black, contained the coffin, which reposed beneath a baldachino of white silk, laced with gold, and supported by four gilt pillars tipped with snowy plumes. In the centre of the baldachino glittered an Imperial Crown, while the tasseled cords depending therefrom were held by as many chamberlains. A large brocaded cloth, richly trimmed with ermine, partly concealed the coffin, while beside the pillars of the baldachino over the equipage were posted two martial-looking figures—Colonels in the Cuirassiers of the Empire. Immediately behind the hearse came the Czar on

horseback, wearing the uniform of the Empress's Cuirassiers half concealed by an overcoat. A little behind him rode the Grand Duke Nicholas in a field marshal's uniform, next followed the Czarevitch and the German Crown Prince, the other Grand Dukes and the Court suite, and then the Grand Duchesses and ladies in mourning coaches; the procession being closed by the Empress's Cuirassiers and other troops. On nearing the Fortress the Czar and the Grand Dukes dismounted and bore the coffin to the catafalque in the chapel.

## CONSECRATION OF THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL

THE Right Rev. Dr. Ryle was consecrated to the new See of Liverpool on Friday last in York Minster, the Archbishop of the Northern Province being assisted in the ceremony by the Bishops of Durham, Chester, and Manchester; and the sermon being preached by Canon Garbett. There was an immense congregation, including a very large number of clergymen, and the Lord Mayor of York, with the six Mayors of the new Diocese (Liverpool, Wigan, Warrington, Ormskirk, St. Helen's, and Bootle), who attended the service in state. The Archbishop and Bishops afterwards lunched with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, when speeches were made by the Archbishop and the Dean of York congratulating the new Bishop, who, in returning thanks, said that he had never felt so solemn a sense of responsibility as on that day.

The Right Rev. John Charles Ryle, D.D., first Bishop of Liverpool, is the eldest son of the late John Ryle, Esq., a banker, of Manchester and Macclesfield, who was ruined in the commercial crisis of 1841. He was born in 1816, educated at Eton and at Oxford, where he was contemporary with such men as Stanley, Jowett, Rawlinson, and Waldegrave. He was not originally intended for the ministry; but the business reverses which his family had sustained left him with nothing to depend on but his own attainments, and after serving a well-known statesman in the capacity of private secretary, he decided to take Holy Orders. He was ordained in 1841, and was successively curate of Exbury, New Forest; Rector of St. Thomas's, Winchester, and Helmingham, Suffolk; Vicar of Stradbrooke, Suffolk; Rural Dean of Hoxne; Rector of Norbury, near Ashburn; and Honorary Canon of Norwich. It will be remembered that in April last he was nominated Dean of Salisbury, but was never installed, his appointment to the new Bishopric of Liverpool following almost immediately. Dr. Ryle's fame as an Evangelical preacher and writer is world-wide, very many of his tracts on religious subjects having been reprinted in French, German, Italian, and other languages. Of his more laborious works, his "Commentary on the New Testament" is perhaps the chief.

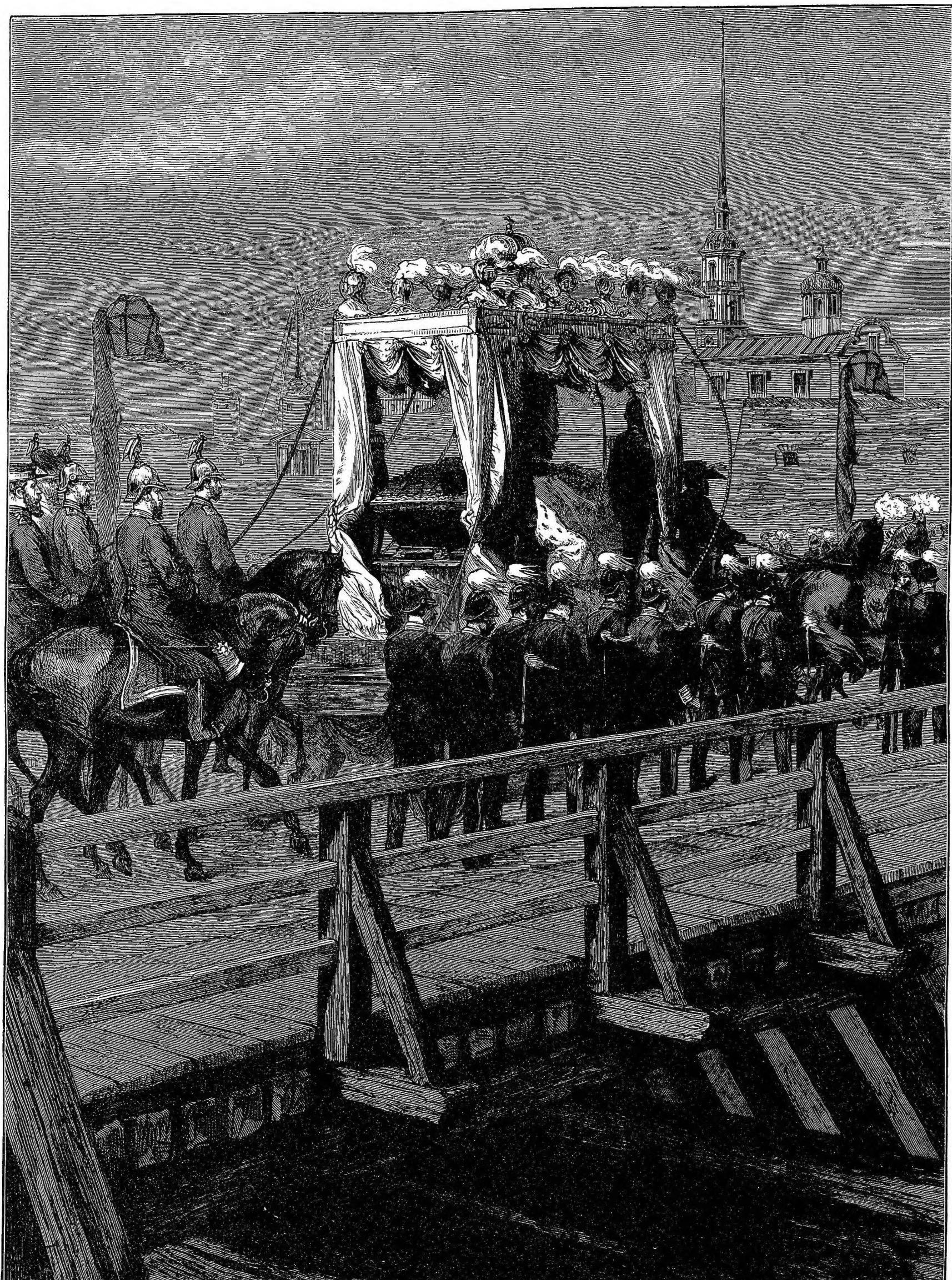
The Bishop has appointed the Rev. H. Waller, M.A., and the Rev. H. C. Glynn Moule, M.A., his examining chaplains; and as his domestic chaplains, the Rev. A. Stewart, Rector of Liverpool; the Rev. W. L. Feilden, Rector of Knowsley; the Rev. Canon Clarke, Rector of Southport; and the Rev. J. W. Bardsley, Vicar of St. Saviour's, Liverpool; the last mentioned of whom will also be appointed to the new Archdeaconry of Warrington, created, at the request of the Bishop, by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The Liverpool Diocesan Seal, as passed at the Herald's Office, exhibits a black eagle on a white ground (the "liver," or "cormorant," or "shoveller duck" having been said by antiquarians to have been originally the Eagle of St. John the Evangelist). A yellow nimbus is around its head, and the beak and legs are yellow. In the claws of the right foot it holds the ancient writing case. The "chief" or upper part of the shield is impaled down the centre; on one half is an ancient galley—gold upon red, with three masts, and in the other an open Bible, with the legend, "Thy word is truth."—Our portrait of Dr. Ryle is from a photograph by Mayall, 224, Regent Street, W.

## THE PRINCE IMPERIAL MONUMENT IN ZULULAND

THIS memorial cross was sent out by Her Majesty the Queen, as a token of her sympathy with the bereaved mother of the late Prince Louis Napoleon. It marks the exact spot upon which he fell when surprised and attacked by a party of Zulus who had been lying in ambush. The cross, which is of plain marble, bearing a simple inscription, is surrounded by a dwarf wall of rough stones, which also encloses the graves of the two troopers who were killed at the same time as the Prince. Shrubs and violets (the Napoleonic emblem) are planted about the place, which thus becomes a kind of miniature cemetery. After the erection of the cross the Zulu Chief Gobodo and the chief men of his tribe, to whom the party who attacked the Prince belonged, assembled at the place, and standing with their right hands uplifted, solemnly declared that the memorial and the graves should never be desecrated, a pledge which is likely to be faithfully observed, as the Zulus entertain a deeply-seated superstition regarding the spirits of the dead. The ex-Empress Eugenie arrived at Etycyozzi on the 1st of June, the anniversary of the death of her son, and was much affected during her stay. She started for her return journey on the 3rd inst., and on the next day the party rode over the exact path traversed by the late Prince during his reconnaissance on the Ngatu. On the following day they visited Rorke's Drift. The ex-Empress was expected to embark at Durban on board the Union Company's steamer *Troyan* on the 26th inst.

## THE CAMOENS TERCENTENARY

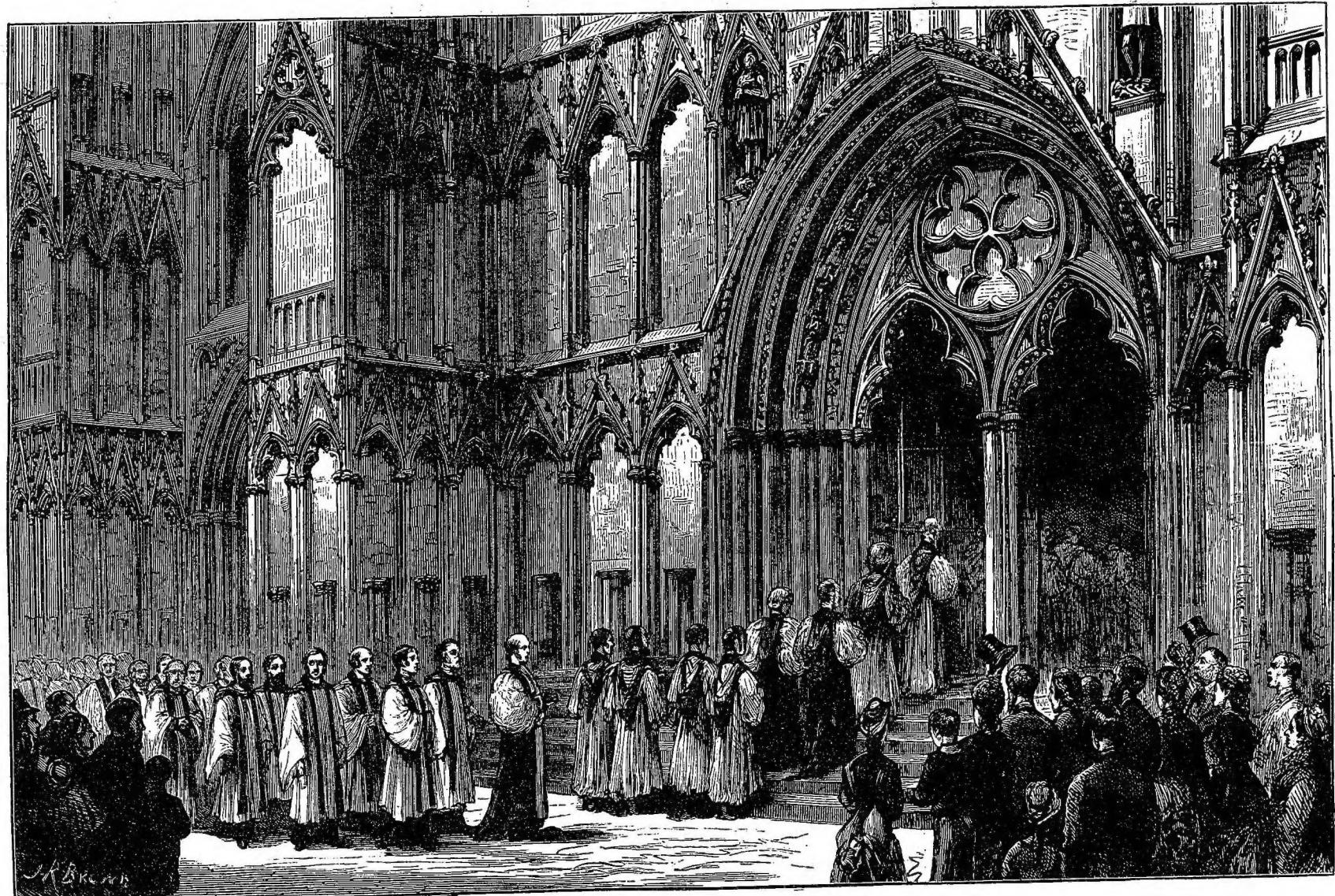
THE story of Luiz de Camoens, the Tasso of Portugal, "the Prince of Poets," as his countrymen now love to style him, is one of the saddest in the annals of literature; and the *réles* with which the tercentenary of his death have been commemorated in Lisbon afford a strangely ironical contrast to the neglect which caused the poor poet to die in that very city in misery, and of almost absolute starvation. Like Homer, several cities claim the honour of being Camoens' birthplace—Lisbon, Coimbra, and Santarem; and even the date of his birth is uncertain, the most generally received being the year 1524. It is probable, however, that he was born in Lisbon, and certain that he was educated at the University of Coimbra, returning to Lisbon, where as a young man of noble birth, though poor, he considered that he had a right to expect advancement. His poverty, however, stood in his way, and on his venturing to fall in love with a lady of the Court, young Camoens was banished to Santarem, and there laid the foundations of the great epic poem on which his fame chiefly rests, "The Lusitano." His restless spirit, however, did not allow him to remain long in repose, and he volunteered in an expedition against the Moors, and lost his right eye in a naval engagement in the Straits of Gibraltar, the poet being one of the first to board one of the galleys. Thinking that his heroism would have compensated for his previous fault, he returned to Lisbon, but met with such unkindness and harshness that he determined to set sail for the East, and leave his ungrateful country for ever, quoting, as he passed down the Tagus, the well-known line on the monument of Scipio Africanus: "Ingrata patria! non possibit ossa mea." Camoens reached Goa in safety



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE LATE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA AT ST. PETERSBURG—THE HEARSE PASSING OVER THE TROIZKI BRIDGE



THE RIGHT REV. JOHN CHARLES RYLE, D.D., FIRST BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL



ARRIVAL OF THE ARCHIEPISCOPAL PROCESSION AT YORK MINSTER

CONSECRATION OF THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL

for a considerable period. Ultimately, however, he was permitted to return to his native land, and after an exile of sixteen years, landed in Lisbon, in 1569, with no worldly wealth beyond his poem. This he managed to get published; and, dedicating it to the King, he was rewarded with a miserable pension, barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, and even this was withdrawn when the King died, shortly afterwards. Then Camoens fell into utter destitution, and was kept alive by a faithful Indian servant, who begged in the streets for him, and many of his poems at that time lamenting his destitution are infinitely pathetic. He ultimately died in a hospital at Lisbon in 1580, being buried in the Church of St. Anna in that city. The theme of "The Lusiad," his great work, is the discovery of the Indies by Vasco de Gama, who, arriving at Melinda, gives the King an account of Europe, and recites a poetical narrative of the chief events in the history of Portugal; the poem closing with an account of the return of the great explorer to Portugal after many further adventures. The poem is full of spirit, patriotism, strong fancy, and bold description, and is well described by one writer as "the only modern epic poem which is pervaded with anything like the true national and popular spirit of ancient epic poems. It is a gallery of epic pictures, in which all the achievements of Portuguese heroism are represented." In addition to "The Lusiad," which has been translated into every European language, and of which we recently noticed an excellent rendering by Mr. J. J. Aubertin, Camoens wrote numerous minor poems and three comedies. Jointly with the tercentenary fêtes to commemorate the poet, a festival has been held this year in honour of the great discoverer whom he has immortalised, the remains of both Camoens and Vasco de Gama being transferred with great pomp on the 9th inst. to the Church of the Jeronimites at Belem. A very solemn ceremony took place in the Church, at which the King and Queen were present, and a national holiday was observed throughout Lisbon in honour of the day.

"LORD BRACKENBURY"

A NEW NOVEL, by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, is continued on page 625.

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

See page 630.

"A WRECK ON THE GOODWIN SANDS"

THIS engraving is from a painting belonging to W. H. Belford, Esq., of Quantock Lodge, Tyndall's Park, Clifton; which was exhibited at the Loan Exhibition at Clifton last autumn, and attracted considerable attention. The subject chosen by the painter of the picture from which this engraving is taken, Mr. Thomas Rose Miles, is one which at once claims the sympathy of all who know anything of the dangers of the evil-famed Goodwins, those treacherous sands upon which so many gallant ships have come to grief, and where hundreds of times the brave-hearted life-boat men have risked their own lives in the endeavour to save those of the shipwrecked crews. The scene depicted is full of life and excitement. The stricken ship, dismasted and helpless, is already sinking in the boisterous sea, but the lifeboat, urged forward through the waves by the strong arms of the eager rowers, is rapidly nearing the wreck, and help may yet be in time to save the imperilled crew. Mr. Rose is also the painter of another picture, similar in subject, which was executed on commission for the National Lifeboat Institution, and which now hangs in the apartment in which their Board meetings are held.

THE MOUSE-EATING SPIDER AT THE ZOO

THIS formidable insect is one of the latest arrivals at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. It comes from Bahia, a maritime province of Brazil, and is common in the South American forests. Its body, which is covered with hair, is three inches in length, and its legs are in proportion; so that, when extended, it is about as big as a cheese-plate. It feeds on mice and small birds, which it catches by springing suddenly upon them from ambush in the hollow of a tree or beneath a large leaf. At the Zoo it is fed chiefly on a large kind of cockroach (twice as big as those often met with in our kitchens), which comes to England in the cages in which certain animals are imported, and have hitherto been a great nuisance to the managers of the gardens.

THE OPENING OF THE VESUVIUS RAILWAY

WE have already engraved a general view of this new mountain railway, and also the form of carriage which is used on the line, and we now illustrate the starting of the first train, on June the 6th, when the line was formally inaugurated, in the presence of a crowd of officials and others who had been invited to take part in the ceremony. The first train, or rather carriage, ascended with the greatest ease, amid general applause, bands of music playing the Italian Hymn. The carriages are two in number, being named respectively Etna and Vesuvius, and while one ascends the other descends. The ascent, occupying about eight minutes, is perfectly easy and comfortable; and, though the incline appears somewhat hazardous, the line is perfectly safe. The carriage lands the traveller within about ten minutes' climb of the crater. The descent is perhaps less pleasant than the ascent, for the feeling has been compared to the sensation of driving down the Splügen on the Swiss side in a diligence, only much intensified. The cost of the line has amounted to about 60,000*l.*, and the scheme is due to Commendatore Obligato, having been admirably executed by Signor Olivieri and Signor Luigi dall' Ongaro. Everything that can be has been done for the convenience of the passengers; and a handsome restaurant has been built at the foot of the cone, where M. Obligato entertained a large party of guests on Sunday week. On Tuesday week there was a second official opening by the Prefect and the Syndic and the Giunta of Resina; and on Thursday the railway was opened to the public on payment of a napoleon—the fare—for the return journey from Naples.



THE "ATALANTA."—At the request of Admiral Ryder, the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, the Lord Mayor of London has consented to open a fund at the Mansion House for the relief of the sufferers by the loss of the *Atalanta*. There are twenty-eight widows left destitute, and some hundreds of orphans and other relatives. It is estimated that about 20,000*l.* will be required to give commensurate relief to those who have lost relatives in the vessel. Lord Northbrook, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr. W. H. Smith have each subscribed 100*l.* towards the fund. A Reuter's telegram from New York, received on Wednesday, says:—"A bottle was found on the coast of Massachusetts yesterday containing a paper, on which was written: 'April 17th.—Training-ship *Atalanta*.—We are sinking.—Long. 26°; lat. 32°.' Some other words followed, bearing the signature 'John L. Hutchins.' According to the *Daily Telegraph* the statement contained in the above telegram is altogether discredited by the authorities at the Admiralty. The latitude and longitude given is far out of any possible route the ship could have taken, and had the *Atalanta* been afloat on the date mentioned she would in all probability have been

in Portsmouth Harbour. The Admiralty, therefore, do not propose taking any steps to verify the report.

THE PARLIAMENTARY OATH COMMITTEE on Wednesday agreed to their report, which, after detailing the facts and circumstances under which Mr. Bradlaugh claims to have the Oath administered to him, and the law applicable to the case, says that, in its opinion, the House has no power to interrogate any member on his religious belief, or as to the extent the Oath will bind his conscience, nor to hear any evidence in relation to such matters. As, however, Mr. Bradlaugh has volunteered information on those points, the Committee think that the House "can" and "ought" to prevent him from going through the form, as they consider that he would not be taking the oath within the true meaning of the statute. They add that, the House can doubtless prevent Mr. Bradlaugh from obtaining the opinion of the High Court of Justice, as the Law Courts have no power of reviewing or reversing their decision, but they would deprecate such a course, and accordingly recommend that Mr. Bradlaugh should be allowed to affirm if he again seeks to do so, that being, they say, the only way in which a test action can be brought about.

LORD GRANVILLE was the chief guest at a banquet given on Saturday evening last, after the presentation of the freedom of the Fishmongers' Company to him. He responded for "Her Majesty's Ministers" in a humorous speech, in which, alluding to some letters which he had received warning him not to dine in that Hall "lest his political principles should be corrupted," he declared his belief that his political principles were now got sufficiently hard, dry, and old to be able to resist the influence of any repast whatever. Amongst the other speakers was Mr. Bright, who asked that patience and forbearance might be accorded to the new Government until it was seen what they would do. There was, he said, enormous difficulty in getting any good thing done in this country, the efforts of the best statesmen and the most powerful Ministry being thwarted by a variety of motives in the minds of a variety of men.

THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA.—A great meeting was to be held in Exeter Hall yesterday (Friday), to protest against the appointment of a Roman Catholic as Viceroy of India; and to memorialise the Queen and petition Parliament on the subject. The demand for tickets was so great that both the "upper" and "lower" halls were engaged. Mr. Spurgeon thinks that Mr. Gladstone has made a great mistake in the matter. In declining an invitation to attend the meeting, he says "So long as the Law of Settlement is in force, it seems to be involved in the Protestant succession to the Throne that all Viceroys should be Protestants also. I do not think that the English people are prepared to remove this safeguard. On this and other grounds I am extremely sorry that the present Government should thus expose itself to just criticism, and grieve its own supporters."

MR. H. W. PRIMROSE, it is said, will succeed Colonel Gordon as Private Secretary to the Marquis of Ripon, Viceroy of India.

THE NATIONAL LIBERAL FEDERATION of Birmingham have chosen Mr. Alderman Collings, M.P., as their president, in the room of Mr. Chamberlain, who resigned on becoming a member of the Government. They at the same time adopted resolutions recording their sense of the "distinguished service" rendered by Mr. Chamberlain, not only to the National Liberal Federation, but to the cause of Liberal unity and progress, but their consciousness of the great loss the Federation sustains by his resignation; but at the same time congratulating him on his elevation to a seat in the Cabinet, confidently believing that it will extend his influence and usefulness to the Liberal party and to the nation.

THE KING OF THE HELLENES, who is now on a visit to this country, was on Monday presented with an address from the Greek Committee in London, which dwelt on the claims of Greece to a rectification of the Turco-Greek frontier, and deplored the fact that the resolutions of the Berlin Conference had not been carried out by the Porte. His Majesty, in replying, said that the delay had made an appeal to the signatory Powers inevitable, and hoped that the announcement referred to in their Address would be realised by the forthcoming Conference at Berlin. On Tuesday King George was present at a great sham fight at Aldershot, which was also witnessed by the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and on Wednesday he was received in the City, and presented with an address from the Corporation. The ceremony took place in the Library of the Guildhall, and amongst the company assembled were the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, many Ambassadors, the Premier, and other distinguished personages. King George, in acknowledging the address, said that England's share in the establishment of the Greek Kingdom, and the glorious deeds of those Englishmen who had taken an active part in the regeneration of Greece would always be remembered by the Greeks. At the subsequent luncheon the King responded to the toast of his health; and Mr. Gladstone, in proposing that of "the Lord Mayor and Corporation," said that the reception was a proof that there was no difference of party or politics in regard to the cordial desire for the welfare and progress of the Kingdom of Greece.

THE BISHOPS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.—On Wednesday the Lord Mayor of London gave a banquet to the Archbishop of Canterbury and many of the Bishops. The Primate in responding for the "Clergy of the Church of England" said that though some people were in the habit of talking of the Church as being on the point of dissolution, there was he was thankful to say evidence of great and powerful animation among the clergy. The Bishops had learnt the greatest of all lessons, to do their duty better than of yore, but they would be utterly powerless without the self-denying work of the clergy, who though poorly remunerated were doing a great work in keeping together the various classes of society.

H.M.S. "FLAMINGO" is reported to have been in collision with an iceberg in the Atlantic. She had to put back to St. John's Newfoundland, but later telegrams states that the damage she sustained is not so great as was at first thought.

THE PROPOSED VOLUNTEER REVIEW in celebration of the twenty-first anniversary of the establishment of the service has been abandoned in consequence of the Government declining to grant the use of Hyde Park for the purpose, the reason being that the grass, trees, and flowers would inevitably suffer badly from the incursions of such an army and the multitude of spectators that it would attract. Richmond Park and Wimbledon Common have been spoken of as alternative sites for the display, but they are thought to be too distant from London; whilst Hackney Marsh, which has also been suggested, appear to be objected to as hardly sufficiently fashionable in its surroundings.

THE ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND dinner was held at the Freemasons' Hall on Saturday, under the presidency of Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P. Subscriptions were announced amounting to 2,082*l.*

A FIRE BRIGADE COMPETITION, in which detachments from no fewer than forty brigades took part, was last week held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, under the auspices of the Fire Brigade Association. The competition drills with escapes, ladders, engines, fixed hydrants, and other apparatus, lasted two days, the judges being Captain Shaw and Sir Charles Firth; and the demonstration closed with the distribution of prizes, the gross value of which was 200*l.*

MESSRS. FAWCETT AND HOLMS on Tuesday attended a *soirée*, given at the Shoreditch Town Hall, in celebration of their return

for the borough of Hackney. The Postmaster-General made a speech, praising the zeal and devotion of the permanent officials of the Post Office, explaining the working of the new money-order scheme, denying that there was any covert design to introduce a small paper currency; urging the necessity of reform in the administration of Indian finance, and defending the appointments of the Marquis of Ripon and Lord Kenmare on the ground of religious equality, which if not based on religious toleration was a farce. Mr. Holmes also spoke.

A GRAND MILITARY TOURNAMENT in aid of the Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows is to be held during the whole of next week at the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.—A deputation from this Association was received on Wednesday by Mr. Gladstone, who assured them that the Government would do their best to pass the Hares and Rabbits Bill this session, and would persevere with the repeal of the Malt Tax. He hoped that ere long they would be able to deal with the questions of County Board and the apportionment of local burdens.



IT was a complaint made with more or less truth against the late Government that, partly from disinclination, and partly from engagements in more distant parts of Europe, they were not able to bestow a proper amount of attention on the affairs of Ireland. Hence (we were told) Obstruction, designed to recall their attention to matters nearer home. It cannot be said for the present Government that they show themselves unconcerned for the affairs of Ireland. An appreciable proportion of the programme is devoted to the affairs of that island. Two of the principal measures of the short Session are the Bill to assimilate the Irish borough franchise to that in England, and a second dealing with a scheme for the relief of distress in Ireland. The events of this week have proved, and according to all appearances coming events will more clearly prove, that a concession of Irish demands does not imply a supercession of Irish obstruction. The row that made Monday memorable did not arise strictly on affairs connected with Ireland. But since it was an Irish member who commenced it, and Irish members who maintained and prolonged it, it must be regarded as essentially Irish. The fact that the occasion for the outbreak was not found within the four corners of Ireland only makes the prospect more appalling. There must be, somewhere in space, a limit even to Irish grievances. But if Irish members are to go outside their own nationality, and undertake to care for the affairs of other nations, then is the Parliamentary outlook black indeed.

It was Mr. O'Donnell who "began it," as he has begun many outbreaks much less agreeable than that for which the kettle was held responsible in the "Cricket on the Hearth." As Mr. Sullivan observed, the member for Dungarvan has an aptitude for distinguishing himself at his own peril. He may be counted upon to take his share in any general plan of Obstruction commenced by the party, with which he serves as a free lance. But he has a large mind, capable of throbbing for nationalities. He is accustomed to go outside the beaten track, and to champion in the House of Commons the supposed wrongs of foreign peoples, whether under the burning sun of India, or among the peoples of South Africa, or under the gaslight of the boulevards of Paris. As any stick will do to beat a dog with, so any cause will serve Mr. O'Donnell to make a noise about in Parliament, and carry through the world with its reverberation the echo of his name.

What he was concerned about on Monday was the appointment of M. Challemel Lacour as Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. Mr. O'Donnell's fine nature was touched for the sacredness of "my gracious Sovereign." In a series of questions which asserted nothing, but suggested nothing less than attempted murder and accomplished pillage, he struck at the Ambassador of the French Republic, whose character Sir Charles Dilke cleared in a few frank sentences of reply, which not only answered the question as it stood on the paper, but replied to the insinuations as they too plainly lurked between the lines. There seemed to remain nothing now except, as Mr. Biggar might have suggested, that Mr. O'Donnell should apologise for having thus causelessly maligned an absent man. That, however, was not an idea that occurred to the member for Dungarvan. According to the wholesome rules that make life possible in the House of Commons, it is not permitted to a member to make a speech at question time. There is, however, a privilege established for use in extreme cases of moving a formal motion, such as "the adjournment of the debate," in order to evade this rule, and enable a member to seem to speak to motion. The inconvenience of this practice, if it were established as a rule, is obvious. Members anxiously ballot for precedence, and by good luck a man may get the first or second place on the agenda of the night, and may congratulate himself on his opportunity of obtaining a first and favourable hearing. But no one would go through the farce of balloting for place if it were open to him or to any one else to bring on his question at five o'clock, so as completely to dispose of it before dinner. The injustice to members who have taken pains to ballot is simply unbearable. On Monday night it happened that Government business—that is to say the business of the nation—occupied the first place on the Orders. It was peremptorily set aside at the caprice of Mr. O'Donnell, and has not yet been recovered.

There are certain weighty objections to Mr. Newdegate's drastic proposal of abolishing the right of moving the adjournment of the House at question time. It is an important privilege vested with private members and with minorities, and might some day be used to the great advantage of the State. Facts, however, have to be dealt with even in discussing the sacred rules of debate in the House of Commons, and the fact is that during the past six years this engine has been used, with but one exception, for purposes that have not only not advanced the interests of order and public business, but have distinctly and grievously worked the other way. The solitary exception, when the gravity of the occasion justified the use of the privilege, was when Mr. Forster moved the adjournment, in order to raise the question of sending the fleet to Besika Bay. Whether the action was wisely taken is a question by itself. The incident is here recalled simply to illustrate the kind of crisis that alone justified the wanton and mischievous interference with the course of business in the House.

The battle raged on Monday from afternoon until early morning. In the last Parliament, when Obstruction reared its head, poor Sir Stafford Northcote was constantly abused for lack of courage and energy in dealing with the malcontents. On Monday the Speaker having been appealed to, and having pointedly and solemnly called on the House to deal with the matter itself, the Leader of the House rose and moved that Mr. O'Donnell be not heard; and some gentlemen of England, sitting at home at ease, and reviewing in the cool morning air the incidents of the night, rebuked Mr. Gladstone for taking this decided step. Whence it would appear that the lot of the Leader of the House is something like that of the man in fable, who went a journey with a heavily-laden ass. First he was abused by passing wayfarers for cruelty in over-burdening the ass; and when he carried the load himself he was laughed at for his weak good nature. The principal lesson to be learned from the event of

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Monday is that, in the face of Obstruction, the Leader of the House can never be right, and the Obstruction is inviolate and invincible. Thus it will certainly remain as long as the circumstances that were at work on Monday prevail.

On Wednesday afternoon several Bills were disposed of, Ireland happily not having any part in the business of the day. It is true the measures were chiefly disposed of by withdrawal. But in each case a full and fair discussion took place, and the authors of the Bills withdrew them for the sufficient reason that they saw no prospect of carrying them.



**THE TURF.**—The Ascot Meeting terminated under much more favourable meteorological conditions than it began, and on the last two days all went merrily as a marriage bell, except in the case of the backers of favourites, to whom the past will be remembered as a black Ascot. With Isonomy in the field, it could not be expected that many competitors would be forthcoming for the Gold Cup, and as a matter of fact there were only two, Chippendale and Zut. The odds of 9 to 4 were laid on Isonomy, but Chippendale, on the strength of his excellent performance with Fashion in the Gold Vase on the Tuesday, did not lack supporters at 9 to 4 against him. He ran right well, but it was evidently Isonomy's race from the first, and at the end he won very easily by a length, Zut taking the last place. Isonomy has thus won the Cup two years in succession, and even now there is no saying how good a horse he is. There are not a few good judges who maintain that he is the best horse we have ever had on the Turf. It is said that he will now be indulged with a rest, and not trained for either the Goodwood or Brighton Cups. Bend Or, the Derby winner, had no penalty to carry in the St. James's Palace Stakes, but he only got home by a head in front of the despised Fernandez. Probably, however, he could have won by a longer distance had his jockey been so minded, Fortham occasionally taking it into his head to draw his races very finely indeed without risking them. The victory of Sir Charles in the New Stakes over Tristan and Angelina confirmed his previous success, and already he has been backed for next year's Derby at 10 to 1. The Wokingham Stakes, which is a kind of second edition of the Hunt Cup, attracted twenty-three runners, and Falmouth with Discount were made warm favourites. The winner, however, as in the Hunt Cup, turned up in an outsider, Captain Machell's Warrior doing the trick. Strathblane, who for some distance in the Hunt Cup made a good show, was second, and Discord third. Thurio won the Alexandra Plate in good style, but the excellent running of Ruperra in this long race was one of the greatest surprises of the meeting. No one can believe that Exeter will again be able to lower the colours of Rayon d'Or as he did in the Hardwicke Stakes when in receipt of 10 lbs. Mishaps and bumphs affected the result, otherwise there can be little doubt but that Rayon d'Or would have landed the odds laid on him.—There has been racing this week at Windsor, Newton, and elsewhere, but without any features of special interest, the southern meetings being mainly of a holiday character.—For the Northumberland Plate a new favourite has been found in Victor Emmanuel, against whom less than 3 to 1 has been taken this week.

**CRICKET.**—Surrey, which has been playing with some success this season, got much the worst of the match with Lancashire at Old Trafford, being beaten by an innings and 41 runs. None of its batsmen, with the exception of the Messrs. Shuter and Jupp, were able to stand against the bowling of Watson and Barlow.—On its own ground, however, it made amends for this defeat by winning the match with Gloucestershire by 82 runs. This was a most creditable performance, though it is true that Gloucestershire had two or three of its best men absent. The Surrey Eleven was in good form all round, and the bowling of Potter and Blamires was as true and steady as could be wished.—The Kent Eleven has been on a tour northwards, but without results on which to be congratulated. Lancashire beat them by 136 runs, the Kentish collapse in the second innings being very marked.—Nor were they more successful against Derbyshire, which defeated the southern county by six wickets, Mycroft's bowling conducting in no slight measure to the victory.—The Middlesex and Gloucester match at Lord's had to be drawn in consequence of the rain on Wednesday last.—Sussex, on the home ground at Brighton, has beaten Hampshire by ten wickets.—One of the most interesting games recently played was that between the Australians and Yorkshire at Dewsbury. For the first half of the game the play was pretty equal, Yorkshire scoring 55 and the Australians 65 in their first innings. The second attempt of the county resulted in exactly 100, and the Australians got the required number to win, with five wickets to spare. It is a curious fact that in the second innings of the county Boyle standing at mid-on caught five wickets off Spofforth's bowling.—At Belfast the Australians made short work of Fifteen of the North of Ireland Club; and thus they have won eight of the nine matches they have played since their arrival. Their performances in every department of the game have been most excellent, and we should imagine that they are more than a match for any English county.—The Canadians, on the other hand, are making but a very poor show. The loss of their captain is a serious one, but the total amount of cricketing power in our visitors is but small. The exhibition of Fifteen of them in the match with M.C.C. was a painful one, as they could only score 33 and 36 against the single innings 192 of the club. They certainly made a good innings of 235 against the Crystal Palace Club, but without any offence it cannot be said that this club is a very strong one.

**AQUATICS.**—It will be heard with regret that a telegram has been received to the effect that Boyd is somewhat indisposed after his voyage across the Atlantic, and hence that fears are expressed that he may not be in the best trim to uphold the honour of the "old country" against the scullers of the New World.—Henley Regatta comes off too late in the week for us to be able to report any results. One of the chief features of this anniversary will be the appearance of a German Eight from Frankfort, and its performance in the Grand Challenge Cup has for some time been anticipated with most lively interest.

#### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

It is not a pleasant task to criticise the inferior work of a man who has once given promise of good things; but truth compels us to state that "Songs of the Spring-tide," by Algernon Charles Swinburne (Chatto and Windus), is very bad indeed. Apart from the unintelligibility, which is quite a new feature in the author's verse, the sense of melody seems to be failing him. The volume is rigorously proper, but it is deadly dull. If anybody can understand "Thalassius" or "The Garden of Cymodoce," they may enjoy occasional passages, such as the "Invocation of the Sea" in the latter; but, on the whole, the reading of the book is dreary—one does not want to be guessing riddles when poetry is in question. How are we to scan two such lines as these?—

Through the awful circle of wheel-winged periods,

The tempest of the twilight of all Gods.

Certainly, Mr. Swinburne must pronounce "periods" in a most abnormal fashion. Of course, the "Birthday Ode" is removed

from the pale of criticism, and M. Victor Hugo will, doubtless, appreciate it; but it is a new thing to find an English gentleman reviling those who are presently in adversity, as we find that Mr. Swinburne thinks it decent to do—the Bonapartes being regarded. The book is an unpleasant one.

Of "The Defence of Rome, and Other Poems," by Ernest Myers (Macmillan), much might be said that would presumably gratify the author. He is not a poet; but he has a keenly poetic mind, and a singular mastery over the language as rhythmically employed. There can be no doubt whatever that in the main piece, as in the "Armour of Achilles," he has chosen the right metre to represent the Greek hexameter in our own tongue; only it is not a new discovery, as he would seem to think. If Mr. Myers can render Homer as efficiently as Chapman has done, he will make his mark; meanwhile his rhymes afford musical reading.

"Argentine, and Other Poems," by Shirley Wynne (Elliot Stock), would probably not have been written but for the existence of the Poet Laureate's "Maud." The chief piece is an obvious reflex of that poem—and turns on the misplaced love of a deformed organist for the Squire's daughter, who gets drowned by accident. It is not interesting, but the verse is fairly correct in structure. In his minor attempts Mr. Wynne is more successful; "Treu und Fest" is a particularly sympathetic and pretty ballad, and "Home, Sweet Home" is still better. Avoiding high flights, there is no reason why the author should not rank well among writers of simple verse. Allowance must, of course, be made for such a volume as "Writings, Spiritual, Moral, and Poetic," by H. C. Dutt (Calcutta, De Rosario and Co.). The author is evidently a conscientious Hindu convert, but has much to learn before he can aspire to rank with English writers of verse. May we suggest to him (*apropos* of pages 75 and 99), that "Baalim" is a plural form, and not, as he seems to think, a singular. Also, that blank verse is not written merely by the construction of a line consisting of ten counted syllables. Mr. Dutt hopes that the old national speech of his people will give place to English,—an aspiration with which we find it impossible to sympathise.

A very pretty little volume is "Poems from Shelley," selected and arranged by Stopford A. Brooke (Macmillan). The author's introductory essay will be read with interest.

Of "The Political Comedy of Europe," by Daniel Johnson (Sampson Low), there is not much to be said. It is a fanciful sketch, from an American point of view, of recent political events in Europe; and the future Paradise promised to us all seems to be a sort of Utopian Republic. Possibly the monarchical system will survive such chimeras.

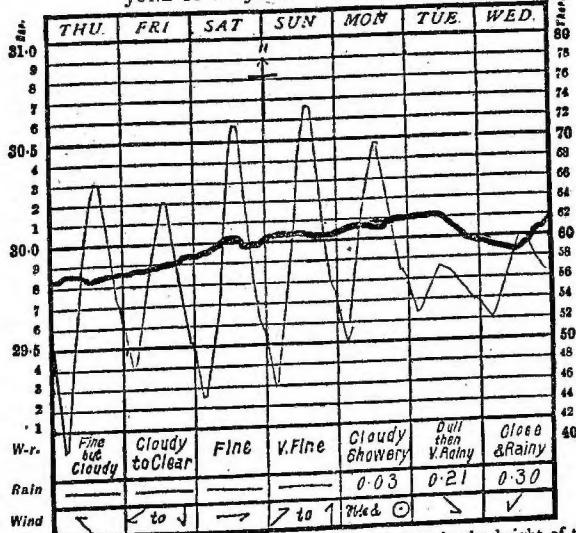
From Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. we have two handsome volumes, embodying a second series of selections from the "Works of Robert Browning," and the "Poetry of E. B. Browning;" these, especially the latter, contain some of the best poems of these two great writers.

An excellent anthology from the British poets is "The English Poets," edited by Thomas Humphrey Ward, M.A. (Macmillan). Mr. Matthew Arnold furnishes a general introduction, and the selection ranges from Chaucer to Dryden. The short biographical notices give additional value to the collection.

**THE "GRAPHIC" SCHOOL OF ENGRAVING ON WOOD.**—Some years ago a belief prevailed that before long wood-engraving would be superseded by various less costly processes. This belief, without doubt, deterred persons from embarking in a profession which they feared might before long prove unremunerative. Experience has shown that these fears were baseless. Wood-engraving holds, and is likely to continue to hold, its own against all competitors. But, meanwhile, there is a great scarcity at the present time of good engravers; and unless a practical effort is made to attract clever students into the profession, the most artistic work will fall into the hands of foreigners. For some time past the proprietors of *The Graphic* have experienced an increasing difficulty in obtaining the assistance of high-class engravers, and they have therefore determined to form a School of Engraving, in which the students will be instructed for a term of five years. No premium will be required; but the candidates will be selected according to the merits of their drawings submitted, and after selection they will still have a fortnight's trial before being definitely accepted. After the first year, the students will be paid a sum (according to progress made) varying from 13/- in the second, to 75/- in the fifth year. The hours of attendance will be from 9 A.M. until 6 P.M., with an hour allowed for dinner; but students regularly attending evening classes at the Government Schools of Design will be allowed to leave at 5 P.M. Intending candidates must send in specimens of their drawings, stating whether they are original or copies, also age of candidate, addressed "To the Manager of *The Graphic*, 190, Strand, W.C.," and marked "Drawings for Competition."

#### WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

JUNE 10 TO JUNE 16 (INCLUSIVE).



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—During the period now under review the weather has undergone a considerable change, so far as the eastern and southern parts of England are concerned. From Thursday (10th inst.) to Sunday (13th inst.) it was dry and fine, especially on Saturday and Sunday (12th and 13th inst.), but on Monday (14th inst.) a change began to take place, calms, close dull weather, and occasional falls of rain being experienced all day. On Tuesday evening (15th inst.) the weather became very rainy, with a northerly or north-easterly wind, and this condition remained in force until late on Wednesday (16th inst.), when the sky began to clear up. The barometric changes have been very slight indeed; temperature has never been very high, but on one occasion (Thursday, 10th inst.) it was almost down to freezing point on the grass. The barometer was highest (30.10 inches) on Tuesday (15th inst.); lowest (29.32 inches) on Thursday (10th inst.); range, 0.28 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (73°) on Sunday (13th inst.); lowest (40°) on Thursday (10th inst.); range, 33°. Rain fell on three days. Total fall, 0.54 inches. Greatest fall in one day, 0.30 inches, on Wednesday (16th inst.). The wind has been very variable indeed, but chiefly light or moderate in force.



**THE COIFFURE OPHELIE.** wild flowers scattered carelessly in the loose hair, is the latest fashion of hair-dressing in Paris.

Two NEW ROYAL ACADEMICIANS were elected on Wednesday—Mr. Vicat Cole, painter; and Mr. John L. Pearson, sculptor.

THE ANNUAL MUSTER PARADE OF THE CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES will take place to-morrow (Sunday), in Westminster Hall, at 10 A.M., when the corps will be inspected by the military secretary, Lieutenant-General E. A. Whitmore, C.B.

AN AERONAUTICAL RACE is said to be one of the coming attractions of the Brussels festivities. Half-a-dozen balloons will be launched simultaneously into the air, and the prize will be awarded to the one which in a given time will have gone the farthest distance.

A BICYCLE TOUR OF ENGLAND is about to be made by Americans, and a party of twenty, principally Bostonians, were to leave New York for this purpose on the 26th ult. The route will lie through Chester, Shrewsbury, Wolverhampton, Dudley, Birmingham, Coventry, Warwick, Worcester, Gloucestershire, Dursley, Bath, Devizes, Marlborough, Hungerford, Reading, Maidenhead, Taplow, Slough, and Hounslow to London. After a brief halt in London, there will be a circular run to the south coast and return, passing through the counties of Surrey and Sussex, back to the Metropolis. Our visitors intend to spend about forty days in England.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased further last week, the deaths registered being 1,294, against 1,306 in the preceding seven days, a decrease of 12, and 130 below the average, and at the rate of 18.4 per 1,000. There were 10 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 2), 32 from measles, 65 from scarlet fever (an increase of 5) 8 from diphtheria (an increase of 1), 48 from whooping-cough (a fall of 12). There were 2,736 births registered, being a decline of 247, and 130 below the average. The mean temperature was 53.9 deg., being 4.7 below the average. There were 30.3 hours of bright sunshine registered out of 115.7 hours that the sun was above the horizon, being equal, therefore, to 26 per cent.

A SINGULAR ORGANISM, resembling in form the sea jelly-fish or *Medusa*, but only half-an-inch in diameter, has been lately discovered in the *Victoria Regia* tank of the garden of the Royal Botanic Society. At Saturday's meeting of the Society Mr. Sowerby showed a number of living specimens he had kept in confinement, and mentioned some of their peculiar habits. If the water is not kept up to a temperature of about 85° Fahrenheit, the animal falls to the bottom of the water, and remains torpid until the temperature is raised, when it again becomes active. Professor Ray Lankester, writing respecting this organism to *Thursday's Times*, states that it is the only *Medusa* which inhabits fresh water, and must have been introduced with tropical water weeds. Hundreds of specimens are swimming in the tank at the present time. He has named it *Craspedacusta Sowerbii*.

THE LADIES' COMMITTEE of the West End Hospital for Diseases of the Nervous System, Paralysis, and Epilepsy, 73, Welbeck Street, W., urgently appeal to the public for funds, on behalf of a large class of patients excluded from General Hospitals, and suffering from some of the most terrible maladies to which the human race is liable, and which are specially treated in this Hospital. This institution—of which the Princess of Wales is the Patroness and the Duke of Buccleuch the President—especially receives and treats young paralysed children, for whom there is no provision elsewhere, and for this reason alone is well worthy of public support. Contributions will be received by the bankers, London and County Bank, 441, Oxford Street, or by Mrs. Thomson, Hon. Secretary of the Ladies' Committee, 73, Welbeck Street, W. On Tuesday a grand evening concert was given at the Steinway Hall by Madame Cellini in aid of the funds, and realised two hundred guineas.

SUNDAY ART-EXHIBITIONS.—The Sunday Society have made the following arrangements for the Sunday opening of the Grosvenor Gallery and the Hanover Gallery, by kind permission of their respective proprietors, Sir Coutts Lindsay and Mr. S. Weil. On Sunday, June 20, the first exhibition at the Hanover Gallery, including Hans Makart's great picture of "The Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp," will be open to the members of the society; and on the two following Sundays, June 27 and July 4, the public will be admitted by means of free tickets, which will be issued to those who apply by letter, sending a stamped and addressed envelope to the honorary secretary, 6, Dudley Place, W. On each Sunday the gallery will be opened from 3 till 9 P.M. The Grosvenor Gallery will be opened to the members of the society on Sunday, July 25; and to the public on Sunday, August 1, by tickets, to be had on written application as above.

THE ROYAL ALBERT ORPHAN ASYLUM.—Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught visited this asylum at Collingwood Court, near Bagshot, Surrey, on Saturday afternoon. On the arrival of the Royal visitors the children, who were drawn up in line on each side of the entrance, sang a verse from a hymn which had been written for them by Mrs. Alexander, wife of the Bishop of Derry, and for which Dr. Stainer composed the music. The Duke and Duchess were received by Mr. Wm. Morley, the chairman, and the members of the managing Committee, General Napier, vice-president, Sir Howard Elphinstone, and other gentlemen, and Miss Barber presented the Duchess with a bouquet. A concert was then given in the Dining Hall, and between the first and second parts about fifty ladies presented purses containing five guineas and upwards to H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught, the total amount collected reaching nearly 400/. After the concert the Duke and Duchess inspected an exhibition of the children's work, which had been arranged in the boys' school-room, where six of the girls presented the Duchess with some silk stockings which they had knitted, and a small satin patchwork ottoman, made by two of their number. The children had paid for the framework of the ottoman by a subscription among themselves. Some of the boys are taught tailoring, shoemaking, and carpentering—all the boots and clothes needed being made in the establishment—and specimens of their work and of the girls' sewing, embroidery, &c., were exhibited. Vegetables, butter, cream, eggs, bacon, and other produce of the farm were also shown. The workshops were opened, and the boys were seen at work. The institution contains at present 104 boys and ninety-eight girls, and ten more recently elected will be added in a few days. It is entirely supported by voluntary contributions, and one of the chief features in its management is that the canvassing system is prohibited. Annual subscribers are much needed, for whilst the annual expenditure amounts to 5,400/, the annual subscriptions barely reach 2,000/. Each subscriber can nominate one orphan, and on a nomination being made the Committee institutes an investigation, and draws up a statement of facts. About a fortnight previous to an election the statements are sent to the subscribers, with a request to write their names against the cases which they think most suitable, and in this manner the most deserving and most destitute are elected without any trouble or expense to their friends and relatives. Besides receiving an elementary education, the boys are taught some trade, and the girls are instructed in all the domestic duties connected with the house.



THE MONUMENT TO THE PRINCE IMPERIAL IN ZULULAND - THE ZULU CHIEF GEBOODO SWEARING TO PROTECT THE MEMORIAL FROM DESECRATION



**AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.**—The Supplementary Conference to consider the Greek Frontier Question, in accordance with one of the provisions of the Berlin Treaty, met at Berlin on Wednesday, under the presidency of Prince Hohenlohe, the five other Signatory Powers being represented by their Ambassadors at the German Court. In the technical part of the subject the members are assisted by military experts—amongst whom England sends General Sir Linton Simmons, while the Secretaries are the Count de Mouy, who filled the same post at the 1878 Congress, and Dr. Busch. The technical members do not join in the debates of the Plenipotentiaries, but will hold sittings on their own account, and, indeed, are at once to sketch out a new boundary, and submit it to the Conference at their next meeting. Greece is not admitted to the debates, but several prominent Hellens are on the spot, waiting to urge their cause, foremost being M. Brailas Armeni, who was for some time Minister in London. Purely formal business occupied the first sitting, Prince Hohenlohe making an inaugural speech, and the members agreeing to await the result of the Technical Commission's examination. The meeting was followed by a dinner given by Prince Bismarck, and the Conference would begin real work to-day (Saturday), and will hold meetings every alternate day. It appears that the Powers will support the proposal of France, purporting to extend the Greek frontier to the limits noted in the Protocol, and which will eventually give Greece the long-desired Janina. Subsequently the Technical Commission, composed of the military members, will go to Thessaly and Epirus, to survey the practicability of the proposals. No subject beyond the affairs of Greece is likely to be treated by the Conference, and considerable care has been taken to prevent any probability of any questions beyond its sphere being raised.

Meanwhile Turkey has refused to be definitively bound by the decisions of the Conference, as the two most interested parties are excluded from the deliberations, but has promised to consider the proposals in a conciliatory spirit, this statement being issued hurriedly in answer to the Identical Note of the Powers presented to the Porte on Saturday. The Note was mainly an extension of Lord Granville's letter, and besides notifying the proposed Conference, summoned the Porte to execute the Montenegrin Convention and to immediately carry out the reforms in Armenia, concluding with a solemn warning of the consequences likely to ensue on a refusal. It is now said that Turkey is ready to concede the Thessalian part of the territory to Greece, and is also willing to give Montenegro a fertile district on the coast instead of the border of the Lake of Scutari, but to the two latter requests of the Note no reply has hitherto been returned, and considerable excitement is said to prevail at Constantinople, which has not yet recovered from the recent change of Ministry. From all accounts it seems that Mr. Goschen completely opened the eyes of the Sultan to his own responsibility, upon which Abdul Hamid revenged himself upon Said Pasha, who had kept him in the dark, and chose for his Prime Minister Abedin Pasha, considering the latter would be satisfactory to the British Ambassador. Moreover, as he is little known, and without official friends, he is likely to depend on the Sultan alone. Mr. Goschen is now pressing the reorganisation of the Gendarmerie, but his suggestion to send a Commission of Inquiry into Eastern Roumelia has not been approved by the other Ambassadors, although the members of the Roumelian Commission now assembled at Constantinople are appealing to the Porte to open the sittings, so that they may get to work at once.—The Mussulman inhabitants of the district recently ceded to SERVIA are meeting with harsh treatment from their Christian brethren, and are complaining to Austria, whose subjects they wish to become.

**FRANCE.**—Relations with England have been the chief theme this week, the frequent changes of Ambassadors and the report that the basis of negotiations for the Commercial Treaty had been decided upon before the Senate had passed the general tariff arousing considerable discussion and annoyance, and M. Léon Say being sharply handled. The latter subject was brought before the Senate on Tuesday, when M. Pouyer-Quertier, the Protectionist, warmly criticised the Government's action, but the interpellation came to nothing, M. de Freycinet denying that any definitive engagement had been made. M. Challemel-Lacour's appointment was also to have been debated, but the matter has dropped after the discussion in the British Parliament, although the Radical journals unite in blaming alike the new Ambassador and his predecessor. M. Say has duly taken his seat as President of the Senate, and delivered a speech vigorously applauding the present Republic, and urging harmony amongst the Powers of the State as the only means of securely grounding Liberal principles. The Lower House has been again enlivened by M. Paul de Cassagnac, who, complaining of Government oppression during a recent election in which his brother was candidate, aroused a regular storm, further increased by the Duc de Feltre attacking M. Gambetta, who calmly responded that an insult to himself personally was of no consequence. The Republicans have gained another victory—this time in Savoy, where M. Parent supplanted a Bonapartist.

Great preparations are being made for the national *fête* on July 14, which will probably be kept throughout the provinces as well as in Paris. On this occasion the Government will most likely grant either an amnesty or a general pardon, but as yet there is considerable division in the Cabinet on the matter—pardon implying a favour while amnesty denotes a right. The majority of the Senate are opposed to the amnesty, and it seems probable that the Government will confine itself to pardoning the most deserving Communists. In the mean time the Paris Municipal Council refuse to vote funds for the festivities unless the amnesty be granted, and as a sign of their firm adherence to advanced principles are trying to elect as a member of their body another prominent Communist, M. Trinquet, who is now in New Caledonia.

Paris has lost her Military Governor, General Aymard, who fulfilled his duties till within an hour and a half of his death. He was buried with great pomp on Tuesday, the funeral service taking place at the Invalides, and his remains being followed by over 8,000 soldiers. General Clinchard is his successor.—Beyond a *fête* held last week in honour of the Camoens Tercentenary, there is little to record in Paris, where signs of the summer stagnation have already appeared. The Salon closes to-morrow: and there has been only one first representation, a sensational piece of dubious success, at the Ambigu, *Les Moucharabes*, by MM. Jules Moinaux and Paul Parfait.—The statue of M. Thiers, at St. Germain, is to be unveiled on Sept. 19, when M. Gambetta will be present.—Algeria has now been united to France for half a century, and the anniversary was duly kept on Monday.

**GERMANY.**—The Ecclesiastical Bill, enabling the Government to suspend the May Laws at will, has been rejected by the Committee by a majority of five, and has thus added another reverse to Prince Bismarck's recent defeats. Nevertheless, in his official organ, the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, the Chancellor states that the Government must hold to the Bill till it is rejected by one of the Chambers; but that no further alterations can be made, and that the position of the Government remains what it was. The report of the Commission has now to be presented to

the Landtag, and the discussion would probably commence yesterday (Friday).—The Emperor and Empress intend visiting the Düsseldorf Exhibition to-day, whence Emperor William will make a tour to the South German watering-places.

**ITALY.**—Italy is now agitating for electoral reform, meetings in favour of universal suffrage having been held on Sunday at Rome and in the other chief towns of the Kingdom. A Reform Bill is to be brought before the Chamber, but the provisions are hardly likely to satisfy the Italians, and the Chamber is altogether in such a state of ferment as to afford little hope that any progress will be made with public business. Signor Crispi has now resigned his seat.

**RUSSIA AND CHINA.**—Contradictory reports prevail regarding the recent statement that the Chinese forces had entered Russian territory, and had attacked the Muscovite outposts on the Kuldja frontier, the Chinese Embassy in Berlin firmly denying the rumour. At all events, the Russian forces have been withdrawn from Bokhara and Khokand towards the frontier, and the natives are taking the opportunity to stir up agitation throughout Central Asia, so that a general rising in Turkestan is feared. Colonel Gordon's departure for China has also aroused alarm, although it is further declared that he has gone there expressly to check all warlike dispositions.

In Russia proper the mourning for the death of the Czarina is being relaxed, and the public gardens and other places of amusement have been opened. The institutions under her charge have been placed in the care of the Czarevna, while the Czar has decorated the chief foreign officers who attended the funeral.

**INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.**—The negotiations with Abdurrahman remain in a very undecided condition, and from letters which have fallen into British hands it is feared that the Sirdar may be playing a double game. He has been exhorting the various tribes to be in readiness to follow his orders, and although his desires are most cautiously expressed, such recommendations look as though he were preparing to assume the offensive should he not obtain all desired concessions. He is still at Khanabad, but has now written to Mr. Lepel Griffin, promising to go to Charikar in acceptance of the Government's invitation, and there is little doubt that the negotiations have been materially hindered by the change in the Viceroyalty, which has necessarily caused a somewhat dilatory and undecided policy. Beyond petty raids all is pretty quiet throughout the country, though in three weeks' time, when the harvest is over, there will probably be more activity amongst the Afghans. Ayoob Khan's attack on Candahar is still delayed, and an influential tribe forming the Herat Cavalry have refused to support him. Meanwhile Candahar is highly prosperous, and the value of the land surrounding the city has doubled within the last nine months, the Custom receipts rising in proportion. In the Logar Valley the British troops are in good position and in excellent health. Gandamak and the Shutargardan Pass will probably be the extreme points of British occupation when the troops leave Cabul.

India proper is discussing the late Lytton administration, and the Press verdict is not very favourable to the out-going Viceroy. He is unanimously declared to have failed in financial matters, and his conduct of the war is much condemned, while he has been far from a popular ruler.

**UNITED STATES.**—After the storm of the Chicago Convention last week there has been a lull, although the Democrats are now choosing their candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Tilden has at present the largest number of votes, 206, Mr. Bayard following with 132, and Mr. Seymour with 106. The necessary majority is 492. The Democrats have also been trying to pass a resolution on the counting of the electoral vote, which restricts the Vice-President's powers, but the Republicans opposed it, and the motion has been postponed till December. Congress closed on Wednesday, and a large amount of important business has been left for next Session, while the Bill regulating the pay and appointment of deputy marshals which was recently passed has now been vetoed by President Hayes. There have been stormy proceedings in the National Greenback Convention at Philadelphia, in which Mr. Dennis Kearney took part, while female delegates were also admitted.

A slight difficulty has arisen with Spain, two American vessels off the Cuban coast having been fired upon by a Spanish war vessel, whose officers subsequently searched them for arms. Explanations will be demanded from the Spanish Minister.

There is a long list this week of calamities by sea and land. An extensive oil-fire in Titusville, Pennsylvania, has done damage to the extent of 300,000/. Pottawattomie County, Iowa, has been devastated by a tornado, which killed twenty persons and injured many others; a disastrous flood has swept away farms and timber in Wisconsin; two steamers collided at the mouth of the Connecticut River, one taking fire, and over fifty persons being drowned; while the *Anchoria* and *Queen* came into collision off Sandy Hook in a fog, happily with no loss of life.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The elections in BELGIUM have greatly disappointed the Liberals, who though retaining their majority have failed to gain so complete a victory over the Clericals as had been expected. The National Exhibition at Brussels was opened by the King and Queen on Monday.—The struggle in SOUTH AMERICA has again assumed activity. The Chilianians have captured Arica and Tacna, but are now besieged in the latter town by the allied armies, 12,000 in number with six Krupp guns and twenty other cannon, and who are encamped in a secure position. Callao has been bombarded by the Chilianians with some success.



THE Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the young Princesses of Hesse still remain at Balmoral, and take the usual walks and drives. On Saturday the Rev. Dr. Watson, the Moderator of the Church of Scotland, arrived at the Castle, and dined with Her Majesty, and on Sunday performed Divine Service before the Queen and the Royal Family. On Tuesday Her Majesty gave a ball in honour of her birthday to the servants and gillies of her estates, the Queen and Princesses being present. Her Majesty and the Princesses will return to Windsor next week.

The Prince and Princess of Wales gave a grand picnic at Virginia Water on Saturday, at which the King of the Hellens, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and the young Princes and Princesses of Wales were present. The Royal party amused themselves by rowing upon the lake in skiffs and water velocipedes, and subsequently dined at the Fishing Cottage. Earlier in the afternoon the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Teck attended the match between I Zingari and the 1st Life Guards, which was played at Windsor. On Monday the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, and the King of the Hellens, left Titness Park for London, and in the afternoon the Prince held a Council of the Society of Arts at Marlborough House, and presented Sir William Thomson, F.R.S., with the Society's Albert Medal awarded to him in 1879, on account of the signal services rendered to arts manufactures and commerce by his electrical researches; and to Mr. James Prescott Joule, F.R.S., for having established, after most laborious research, the true relation between heat, electricity, and mechanical work. In the evening the Prince and Princess went to the Gaiety Theatre. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess went to the Gaiety Theatre. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess went to the Gaiety Theatre.

sons, and the King of the Hellens were present at a grand sham fight at Aldershot, and after lunching with General Sir Thomas and Lady Steele, returned to town, and went to the Duchess of Teck's bazaar at Kensington House, in aid of the funds of the Kensington Industrial School for Girls, the Duchess holding a stall, and the Princess herself selling real flowers, first in vases and then in button-hole bouquets, at half-a-crown a piece. In the evening the Prince presided at the annual dinner of the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress at Willis's Rooms. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess of Wales and the King of the Hellens went in state to the Guildhall, where the address of the Corporation of London was presented to His Majesty. In the evening the Prince and Princess went to the Gaiety Theatre, and later the Prince left for Holyhead to open the new Breakwater, after which on Thursday the Prince went on a visit to the Duke of Sutherland at Trentham Hall, being joined by the Princess of Wales and the King of the Hellens. On his way to Trentham the Prince would stop at Llandudno Junction to receive an address and inaugurate the new waterworks by turning a small cock with a silver key. On Friday the Prince would lay the foundation-stone of new church.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught on Saturday visited the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum, at Collingwood Court, Bagshot. They will go to the Handel Festival on Monday.—Prince Leopold and the Princess Louise have returned from Chicago to Montreal.—The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz has gone back to Germany.



**HOSPITAL SUNDAY.**—On Sunday last the eighth annual simultaneous collections in aid of the London Hospitals were made in the churches and chapels of the metropolis; similar collections were made in the Jewish Synagogues on the previous day. Most of the sermons preached bore reference to the duty of relieving the sick and afflicted, and special appeals were made to the congregations to contribute liberally. The Lord Mayor also issued the customary appeal for subscriptions. Up to Thursday the total sum received at the Mansion House amounted to 12,000/.

**NEW TESTAMENT REVISION.**—The first edition of the revised translation of the New Testament is to be ready in the autumn, and along with the English version two recensions of the Greek text will be issued. One by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, for which Professor Palmer is responsible, will give the new readings adopted by the revisionists, with the readings according to the *Textus Receptus* in foot-notes. The other, which will be issued from the Pitt Press, Cambridge, under the direction of Dr. Scrivener, will be simply a reprint of the *Textus Receptus*, with foot-notes containing the new readings. The *Athenaeum* hears with regret that the form in which all Englishmen know, and most of them use, the Lord's Prayer is no longer to be the form which is to pass current. "We shall rejoice if the report, which is widely circulated, proves incorrect; a greater calamity than such a change as rumour declares to be imminent it would be difficult at the present moment to imagine."

**THE TRURO CATHEDRAL FUND.**—At the request of a large and influential deputation from Cornwall, the Lord Mayor of London has consented to receive contributions at the Mansion House towards the "Truro Cathedral Fund," on behalf of which he has also opened an account at the Bank of England. 100,000/ is required to complete the building, and of this only 40,000/ has as yet been subscribed. Sir F. Truscott, who is a native of Truro, in replying to the deputation, expressed a hope that the remainder might be collected in London.

**THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION** Committee has adopted a series of resolutions in respect to the Burials Bill. They object to the clause requiring "Christian" burial services, as violating the fundamental principles of the Bill and the civil rights of burial.

**THE UNITARIANS** having been refused permission to unite with the Committee of the Raikes Centenary Celebration have resolved to erect a memorial of their own in the forecourt of Essex Street (London) Chapel. It will bear the following inscription:—"Erected to commemorate the Christian efforts of the originators of Sunday Schools (members of various Churches), from the time of Cardinal Borromeo, 1580, to that of Theophilus Lindsay and Robert Raikes, 1780; in gratitude to God for His blessing on Sunday School labours during the past century; and in fervent hope that the time may soon come when differences of opinion will no longer separate disciples of Christ in works of usefulness."

**A NEW WESLEYAN TRAINING COLLEGE.**—During the Wesleyan Conference of 1878 it was determined that a branch of the Theological Institution, which has colleges at London, Leeds, Manchester, and Didsbury, should be provided for the Midlands, and on Tuesday last week, at Handsworth near Birmingham, five memorial stones of the new building were laid by the Rev. Benjamin Gregory, president of the Conference; Sir Francis Lycett, Messrs. Isaac Jenks, W. Mewburn (Banbury), and Jos. Wood (Southport). The college will stand on a commanding site of eighteen acres, and accommodate seventy students. The total cost is to be about 40,000/ towards which upwards of 36,000/ has already been raised.

**THE LIBERATION SOCIETY** held its twelfth triennial conference last week at the Cannon Street Hotel. The proceedings lasted two days, and in the evening of the second day a public meeting was held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. A number of resolutions in accordance with the well-known objects of the Society were unanimously adopted both at the conference and the general meeting.

**THE PREACHERSHIP OF LINCOLN'S INN** has been resigned by the Rev. Canon Cook, of Exeter, the editor of "The Speaker's Commentary on the Bible," and the Rev. Henry Wace, the present chaplain, late Bampton Lecturer at Oxford, has been elected to succeed him. The Benchers will elect a chaplain from such candidates as may offer themselves on or before the 16th of July.

**PÈRE HYACINTHE'S LECTURES.**—M. Loysen has commenced a series of lectures at Willis's Rooms on "Positive Christianity;" the cardinal points of Christianity as opposed to the spirit of negation, which has now so many exponents. The course has been undertaken at the request of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who presided at the first lecture on Tuesday last, when M. Loysen dealt at some length with the Scientific Aspect of Creation. In the lectures to follow M. Loysen will successively treat of "The Fall," "The Redemption," and "The Resurrection."

**THE ROBERTSON-SMITH CASE.**—It is announced that a document is in course of signature by members of the Free Church of Scotland, who are prepared to secede in consequence of the action of the General Assembly of the Church in the Robertson-Smith case. The document gives as one of the reasons for secession that the Free Church, in allowing the teachings of Professor Smith, has sunk beneath the level even of such Unitarians as Lardner and Channing, who would have repudiated them with horror.

**A NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPRIC** is, it is said, about to be erected in Lancashire, it being the intention of the Pope to raise Preston to the dignity of a See. It is also said that Monsignor Gadd, Secretary to the Bishop of Salford, who is now in Rome, will be nominated to the new Bishopric.

**A MIRACULOUS VISION**, similar to that which is reported to have been seen some months ago at Knock, is said to have been

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witnessed on the 3rd inst. in the Franciscan Church in the city of Galway. It is described as a kind of luminous wall picture of three figures, one of which was that of a tall woman whose head was wrapped about with a coif. It was first seen by some girls, who being frightened ran out of the church, a policeman and some other people then entered and saw the figures, but when the rumour spread, and the general public began to flock into the building, the apparition had "faded away."



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The event since our last has been the *début* in this country of the (to travelling amateurs of music) well-known Dresden lyric artist, Madame Sembrich. Those who have heard her abroad were wont to express surprise that she had never been introduced to the London public—that neither the late Mr. Gye nor the notoriously enterprising Mr. Mapleson had ever bestowed a thought upon the question as to whether the praises lavished upon Madame Sembrich by German critics were mere empty cries, or based upon merit absolutely incontestable. Well, she has come among us, and by her performance in a single opera, which, hackneyed though it be, is enough to test the highest qualities of a dramatic singer, "light soprano" (whatever that may mean), or "heavy soprano" (whatever that may mean) has settled the question beyond dispute. *Lucia di Lammermoor* is an eminently tragic opera, and the part of the heroine an eminently tragic part. If a "light soprano" can sing the music of Lucia with facility, she can sing with equal facility the music of Norma, Semiramide, and other characters usually associated in the public mind with sopranos who are not "light," because their voices, either from want of early training, or from natural and insuperable deficiency, can never be made flexible. The voice of Madame Sembrich, beautiful as it unquestionably is, might be placed in that category; but, happily, her early training has been so excellent that whether her voice be a "light" soprano, or a "heavy" soprano, or a "robust" ("robust" is good) soprano, it is all one. It has, in fact, been so carefully tutored that we cannot think of a part in any opera, where a genuine soprano is essential, that could present difficulties to its possessor not easily got over *per saltum*. Our daily contemporaries have been so minute in their criticisms of Madame Sembrich's impersonation that nothing remains for us but to endorse the general estimate, and to add our own opinion that her brilliant success was deservedly won. That Madame Sembrich is not merely a great singer, but an actress of intelligence, is beyond a doubt; in the latter capacity, however, it will be advisable to seek confirmation through the medium of some other channel. Meanwhile, that Mr. Gye has made a valuable addition to his company is the unanimous belief. The voice of Madame Adelina Patti, too, in the prevalent judgment, is a "light" soprano—which, if such be the case, would force us to believe that the phrase applies especially to those who, having mastered the art of vocalisation, know how to sing. "Dramatic" soprano, by the way, is another much-used epithet. Let us accept it unconditionally, and the numberless admirers of this great artist may console themselves with the reflection that their distinguished favourite can undertake, with assurance of success, any character in the lyric drama she may choose to affect. Semiramide (like Norma and Lucrezia Borgia) has always been considered a tragic part, just as Rosina, Adina, Norina, &c., are considered comic parts. But Madame Patti can assume any one of them—*cum multis aliis*—with ease, and even add Valentine in the *Huguenots* to the list. Therefore a "light" soprano, properly estimated, must be a soprano universal and all-embracing. That after her success in Rossini's last Italian opera a twelvemonth ago it should be produced again for Madame Patti was only to be expected; and it will suffice to add that her singing throughout reached the highest conceivable degree of perfection—such singing, indeed, as (we are told) "belonged to early days"—is in our time not to be excelled. Madame Scalchi as Arsace, and M. Gailhard as Assur, were valuable aids to Madame Patti, and the execution of Rossini's gorgeous music generally, under the able and intelligent direction of Signor Bevignani, left little to desire. All lovers of Hérold's music will be pleased to know that *Le Pré aux Clercs*, his swan-song, with Madame Albani as Isabella, is to be produced immediately.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Signor Campanini's return, though late, was not the less welcome. He made his first appearance as Alfredo in the *Traviata*, which afforded Mdlle. Lilli Lehman an opportunity of confirming the good impression she had created in the character of Violetta, an opportunity of which Wagner's "Flosshilde" took ample advantage. Signor Campanini's second appearance was as Wilhelm Meister in *Mignon*, among the works of Ambroise Thomas evidently the most popular in this country. The Wilhelm of the Italian tenor is a well-known assumption especially noticeable for its earnestness. The shining glory of the performance, however, was Madame Christine Nilsson's *Mignon*, one of the most deeply considered of the accomplished Swedish lady's impersonations—equal in every respect to her Margaret and her Elsa—higher praise than which could not be awarded. A performance so often described needs no fresh description; and it is enough to add that, both in a vocal and dramatic sense, it exhibits all that refinement and exquisite sensibility which from the first attracted general attention. What Madame Nilsson is, and has long been, as a vocalist our opera-going readers know full well; but the assiduous and enthusiastic study of another and in no way less important side of her art invites more and more attention. Madame Nilsson's *Mignon* is a model example of the perfection she has reached, and would make her portrayal of Goethe's admirable creation interesting, even if she did not sing a phrase of the music to the intrinsic charm of which her finished and irreproachable vocalisation adds so much. From beginning to end the audience were enraptured; and seldom has unanimous approval been more easily understood. A consummate artist, Madame Nilsson at the same time has the art of so concealing art that it seems as though it were a matter of course, and that the *Mignon* before us, with its natural simplicity and engaging beauty, is not so much a creature of the poet's imagining as a being of ordinary flesh and blood, with whose ways and manners we are familiar. Thus does genius declare its supremacy. Mdlle. Lilli Lehmann is very nearly the best, if not absolutely the best, *Filina* we can call to mind; and Madame Trebelli remains, as always, the model *Fréderico*. The performance generally, under the direction of Signor Arditi, was good in every respect. Verdi's St. Petersburg opera, *La Forza del Destino* (revised version), one of the promised "novelties," is announced for to-night.

THE RICHTER CONCERTS.—The series of nine concerts thus designated have terminated successfully, and to the infinite honour of the magnificent Viennese conductor. The nine symphonies of Beethoven have been given, as promised, in chronological order, and though the third ("Eroica"), fifth (C minor), and seventh (A major) created an extraordinary impression, the ninth (the "Choral") perhaps excited more interest than any of its precursors. St. James's Hall was thronged on the occasion, and some hundreds of eager

amateurs were unable at any price to obtain admission. Mozart's inimitable Symphony in G minor began, and the "No. 9" of Beethoven ended, the concert. The bitterest enemy of Richard Wagner could not have dealt him a severer blow than by placing the introduction and death scene from *Tristan und Isolde* between the symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven. How little his strange and tortured music had to do with the earlier master, who died nearly a quarter of a century before Wagner was born, and will live centuries after Wagner is forgotten, need hardly be told; but still more apparent was the monstrous assertion of the "advanced" party that Beethoven's noblest inspiration is but a link between the past glories of art and the incommensurable nonsense that we are now told to accept as the art work of the future, and of which such amazing specimens were presented at the seventh Richter concert in the shape of Wagner's "Kaiser March" and Liszt's "Battle of the Huns"—each an outrage to art and a defiance of common sense. The effrontery of such wild empirics in making a stepping-stone of a Colossus like Beethoven surpasses comprehension. But for the *Tristan* selection, so absurdly out of place, the programme was as interesting as the performance was superb. At the conclusion Herr Richter was enthusiastically cheered—an honour in the highest sense merited.



A NEW piece, described in the playbill as "a new and original comedietta by Mr. E. Rose," produced at the OLYMPIC Theatre on Saturday afternoon, would probably have been called a farce, but for the circumstance that farces have gone somewhat out of fashion since the days when Mr. Morton, Mr. Mark Lemon, and other writers of good repute furnished the late Mr. Wright and Mr. Keeley with some of their most amusing parts. The sort of disrepute into which farces have fallen of late seems due in some measure to the fact that they serve as a rule the mere purpose of a *lever de rideau*, and, being thus performed before the occupants of stalls are in their places, are somewhat neglected by managers intent only on the convenience of their more aristocratic patrons. Mr. Toolé, at all events, is able to render many of the farces of thirty or forty years since still popular through some of the little pieces under this designation in which he performs. *Domestic Economy and Our Clerks* for example are distinguished by a degree of humour which fairly entitles them to higher rank. Mr. Rose's little piece, which bears the title of *Mad*, afforded at all events much amusement. Its hero, represented by Mr. Vernon in the lively, impudent, reckless manner of the late Mr. Charles Mathews, is the proverbial "mad Englishman," who occasionally haunts the imagination, and occasionally we fear does really appear before the eyes of Continental hotel keepers. He is on this occasion in search of a wife; and as a rich uncle has made it a condition of bestowing upon him a fortune on that very day that he shall have previously entered into the bands of matrimony, Mr. Murray Hoppes—such is the name of this eccentric personage—is only anxious that the lady, whoever she may be, should make up her mind in time to fly with him by the 4.15 train. The avowed object of the author, however, is to turn to account the extraordinary resemblance between two young actresses—twin sisters, we believe—Miss Amy and Miss Louise Lionel. As one of these performs the part of a married lady, and the other that of a single lady, each staying at the same hotel, it is easy to conceive that they both receive the attention of Mr. Hoppes, and that considerable confusion results from their almost complete identity of appearance. The two characters referred to do not tax the powers of the Misses Lionel to any great extent, but they are, nevertheless, represented in a lively and agreeable manner. The dialogue of the little piece, which possesses an amusing vein of absurdity, contributed much to the entertainment of the audience. In conjunction with this trifle a performance was given of Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*, chiefly by amateurs.

Mr. Joseph Hatton, who has been much praised by leading provincial journals for the readings he has lately given from his novels, will read a dramatic version of his story, "The Queen of Bohemia," at STEINWAY HALL on Tuesday, the 29th inst. The story has been arranged by the author and Mr. James Albery. In the "Bohemian," or Drawing-room, scene Mr. Hatton will be assisted by Mrs. Osgood, the popular soprano, who will sing two ballads.

The next novelty at the VAUDEVILLE Theatre will be a new comedy, entitled *The Governor*, adapted from a German piece. It will be performed for the first time on Wednesday, the 23rd instant, on the occasion of the benefit of Messrs. James and Thorne.—The management of the St. JAMES'S Theatre are preparing to revive Dr. Westland Marston's *Donna Diana*, a play in blank verse, founded on the Spanish dramatist Moreto's old comedy, *El Desden con el Desden*. It was originally produced with success at the Princess's Theatre in 1864, when Mrs. Hermann Veazin sustained the part of the heroine, which at the St. JAMES'S will be assumed by Mrs. Kendal.—The engagement of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt at the GAIETY will be brought to a close with the present week. On Monday next the series of representations by the company of the Palais Royal Theatre will commence with the performance of MM. Labiche and Delacour's *La Cagnoite*. The programme of performances will be substantially carried out, but the Lord Chamberlain has refused to license three of the pieces submitted to him—namely, *Le Mari de la Débutante*, *Les Provinciales*, and *Les Jocresses de l'Amour*.—A burlesque of *The Merchant of Venice* is to be produced at the ROYALTY Theatre, under Miss Kate Lawler's management. This is not the burlesque in which the late Mr. Robson some years ago won renown in the character of Shylock, but an entirely new piece, written for Miss Lawler by Mr. Burnand.—Mr. Howe has retired from the company of the VAUDEVILLE Theatre.

DR. LYNN, the celebrated prestidigitateur, who when working his marvels of magic always takes so much pains to explain "how it's done," is now located at "PICCADILLY HALL," a prettily decorated room, whose only defect is the utter absence of ventilation. His programme which is as varied, entertaining, and wonderful as ever, includes a new mystery called "Kisef." The apparatus comprises a model of a hand holding a small camel's-hair pencil which is hung, by a hook attached to the wrist, upon a wooden bar, itself hung by similar hooks upon a frame on a large easel. This being done, the bar and hand move about in all directions by some unexplained, and to us undiscoverable agency, thus enabling the brush to write and draw upon the paper within the frame. On the first night, owing to some incompleteness in the contrivance, the marks made were somewhat vague and indistinct.

Two GIANTS AND A DWARF are now holding "receptions" at the Westminster Aquarium. The Chinese giant, Chang, who is said to be the greatest man in existence, was exhibited in this country some years ago, but has grown considerably since then. He is now 8 ft. 2 in. in height, measures 60 in. round the chest, and weighs 26 st. He is highly educated, speaking five languages, including English; has an agreeable, and even courtly manner; and is apparelled in a richly embroidered robe, worked for him by his sister, who, being of ordinary dimensions herself, is doubtless proud of her big brother. Brustad, the lesser giant, is only 7 ft. 9 in. in

height; but his chest-girth is the same as Chang's, and his weight twenty-eight stone. He is very muscular, and his finger-ring is a hoop of gold, through which a penny passes quite easily. In great, or rather small, contrast to these descendants of Anak is their diminutive companion Chemah, a Chinese dwarf, who is forty-five years of age; and, being only 25 in. in height, claims to be the smallest man in the world. He sings a Chinese elegy, and describes himself with fluency in English.



EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY.—Lord Justice Bramwell has sent a long letter on this subject to Sir H. Jackson, M.P. He condemns the Government Bill because its provisions are "needless, or wrong," and says that "the proposal to make a master liable to a servant for the negligence of a fellow-servant is contrary to principle, unjust, unreasonable, and calculated to produce, if not no good, at least more harm than good." He thinks that the attempt to guard the master by providing that he shall not be liable if the servant contributes to the injury will be vain, and he foresees a "frightful crop of litigation" if the bill passes.

CRIME IN DUBLIN.—The Recorder of Dublin has written to the Lord Mayor, calling attention to the great excess of crimes in the city, which are ten times as numerous as those of Belfast and Cork put together, and more than half of those committed in the whole of Ireland. He considers repressive measures alone will fail to reach the source of the evil, and recommends as preventive checks to the improvement of dwellings, the provision of harmless and humanising means of recreation for the working classes, and the deportation of some of the criminal classes to the colonies.

UNPROVED FIREARMS.—A dealer in Government stores has been fined 6s. and 25/- costs for selling sixty-five pistols which did not bear the mark of the Birmingham Proof House, as required by Act of Parliament. He pleaded guilty to the charge; and it was stated by the prosecuting counsel, Mr. Poland, that if he had not done so, and the full penalty had been imposed for all the pistols sold, the total would have amounted to 3,050/- The accused admitted having purchased two hundred pairs, at 1s. 11d. per pair.

FALSE TEETH are not "necessaries" to a married lady; at least such is the decision just given in a county court case at Sheffield, in which the husband was sued in respect of some for which the lady had neglected to pay.

"APOLOGY."—To Mr. Alfred Stafford Wright, of No. 27, Shoreditch, High Street, in the county of Middlesex, dealer in sewing machines:—I beg to express my unqualified regret that a paragraph reflecting on your conduct as a tradesman should, without my knowledge, have appeared in *The Graphic* of the 24th April last; and I hereby unreservedly withdraw all imputations contained in the said paragraph, and apologise for having been the means of circulating any remarks or comments reflecting in the slightest degree upon you in relation to your business or otherwise.—E. J. MANSFIELD, Printer and Publisher. 16th June, 1880.

THE HARLEY STREET MYSTERY.—The coroner's inquest in this case has resulted in an open verdict: "That the body was that of a woman, name unknown, who had been murdered by some person or persons unknown." The evidence given at the adjourned inquiry on Monday last, though of a very inconclusive nature, appears to us to afford a clue which it is not in our province to particularise, but which will doubtless be followed up by the police, in whose hands the investigation is now left.

THE ELTHAM MURDER.—On Friday last a man named Prince gave himself up to the police at Wandsworth, alleging that he had been concerned with young Mr. Pock in the murder of Maria Coulson at Kidbrooke Lane, Eltham, in April, 1871. He gave a circumstantial account of how the crime was committed, but when asked before the magistrate he retracted his statement, saying that his mind was at times affected in consequence of an accident which happened to him about six years ago. He was, however, transferred to the Greenwich Police Court, and on Monday he repeated his denial, and a policeman stated that he had made a similar statement at Ilford, in April last, when inquiries were made, and it was found that he could not have been at Eltham at the time of the murder. Mr. Balguy thereupon discharged him, with the warning that if he did the like again he would probably get into great trouble.

"AN IMITATOR OF PEACE."—The police have happily cut short the career of a young burglar, who on being arrested remarked that had he not been stopped as he was he "should have been another Peace." A loaded pistol was taken from him, and he was considerate enough to tell the policemen to unload it "as it was dangerous." He has been committed for trial on several charges of breaking and entering dwelling houses in the neighbourhood of Finchley and St. John's Wood.



MESSRS. ASHDOWN AND PARRY.—Two pathetic and sentimental ballads for the drawing-room are "A Life's Regret," written and composed by Herman Merivale and Miss Bliss Wainwright, the compass from F first space to the octave above; and "Oh! Lay Me down to Rest, Mother!" the somewhat morbid words by Augusta Woodley and the music by J. Pridham.—The admirers of Sidney Smith's florid school will probably find much to their taste in four pieces by him. "Echoes of the Past" is the plainest of the group; "Unter den Linden" is a brilliant *valse de concert*; "La Gazzetta Ladra" a showy arrangement of airs from Rossini's opera; and "The Last Rose of Summer," a brilliant display of fireworks on that much-abused theme, so beautiful in its simplicity. Will transcribers and adaptors never leave it alone?—Three very pretty piano-forte pieces by T. Kullak, of moderate difficulty, are "The Water-Mill," "Grand Parade," and "Lullaby." The last named is a graceful *moreau*, with a telling melody.—"Echos du Passé," by J. T. Trekkell, and "Grace," by C. Mayer, are two fairly good drawing-room pieces.—A moderately good ballad on a well-worn theme is "Unforgotten," written and composed by the Rev. J. Moultrie and T. H. Jones.—Again comes a brisk and original specimen of a hackneyed school "Gavotte in B Flat" for the piano-forte by F. W. Clarke, Mus. B., Oxon, is sure to please even at an afternoon tea, a most trying time for an amateur pianist who is asked to play something lively.

MESSRS. FORSYTH BROTHERS.—Unpretentious and plainly written, the work of a thorough musician, "Rejoice in the Lord," a sacred cantata, by Dr. F. W. Grey, is worthy the attention of all choral societies, especially those on a small scale. The quintett, "And the Peace of God" (No. 7) deserves special notice. It is an admirable composition.—Musical young folks are well taken care of by modern composers. "Sweet Sounds" is the collective title of twelve short pieces for the piano-forte by Arthur Lester; they are arranged both as solos and duets. With the exception of two Marches, they are all dance music of average merit, and bearing a

(Continued on page 634)



THE CAMOENS TERCENTENARY—LUIZ DE CAMOENS, THE PORTUGUESE POET  
BORN, 1524; DIED, 1580



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.

Here she walked slowly up and down, listening to the wind among the trees.

## LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

WAS IT HONOUR, OR LOVE?

WINIFRED battled bravely through the long week of Lancelot's absence, even summoning courage to go to church that first miserable Sunday, and weeping quietly under her veil when Mr. Pennefeather preached his funeral sermon. What made it harder to bear, was that it was a week of visitors. People who had rarely taken the trouble to call when Miss Langtry was alive, hastened now to profess their regret that she was dead; and the old courtyard echoed daily to the unaccustomed sound of wheels. Many and various were the vehicles, ranging from the modest one-horse chaise of the neighbouring parson to the county magnate's big old family chariot hung with fringed hammer cloth and bedizened with armorial bearings. Nor were there wanting visitors of the humbler sort; wives of tenant farmers, and poor folk from the cottages round about. All these, when she was in the house, Winifred received in person; enduring the patronising sympathy of her Grace and her Ladyship, and listening as gently to the old crones who set their lamentations for "the missus" to the tune of their own ailments, as to the parsons' wives who enforced their condolences with quotations from Scripture and sage counsel as to the wearing of flannel.

"If they would but leave me in peace! If they would but let me be miserable in my own way!" she said, making her wail to Mrs. Pennefeather. "They mean well; but they all put on the same face—they all speak in the same voice—they all say the same things! I am sick of hearing that 'Afflictions are blessings in disguise,' and that 'Whatever is, is best.' How can her death be a blessing, and for the best? I dare say I am very wicked; but these worthy people enrage me, and make me rebellious! I long to remind them that there are times when everything is for the worst, and to tell them that I hate all this pretending and preaching! When your good husband came to me and pointed out how that it was God's will to take her; and that because it was God's will I must submit and bear my loss—when he said that, I knew he was telling me truth. I knew that he himself believed every word as he uttered it. And that did me good—that gave me strength—that comforted me. But these people pity me, and patronise me, and preach to me, as if I was a child or an outer barbarian; and it drives me wild!"

To which Mrs. Pennefeather replied with a shrug, that Winifred's visitors were a pack of idiots, and that she had better be "out," if more came on the same errand.

"But I can't be always out," said Winifred innocently. "I do go out, and stay out, as long and as often as I can; and even so I get caught. Yesterday, just as I was coming home—and it was

nearly dusk—Lady Forbes's carriage overtook me; and she came in, and stayed an hour."

Mrs. Pennefeather gave her an odd look.

"Ah, my dear," she said, "what would become of society, if every one was as literal as you?"

"Nothing would induce me to let Bridget or Joan say I was out when I was at home, if that is what you mean!" exclaimed Winifred, with a flash of sudden scorn. "Nor would they tell a falsehood, if I were so base as to wish it."

Mrs. Pennefeather laughed aloud.

"You use very big words for very little things, my child," she said, airily. "All the world understands nowadays that 'Not at Home' is a civil way of saying one doesn't want to be bored; just as 'I have the honour to remain your obedient servant' means that the writer looks upon himself as an infinitely bigger man than the person he is addressing. These are accepted euphemisms."

"I don't know what you mean by 'euphemisms,'" said Winifred; "but they sound to me exactly like falsehoods."

And although Mrs. Pennefeather was at some pains to explain that a euphemism was a kind of indispensable verbal oil which helped the wheels of the social machine to work smoothly, Winifred was so ignorant and so obstinate as to remain unconvinced.

At length Saturday came again—the Saturday on which Lancelot was due at The Grange. "I think you will hardly see me," he said, "before this day week." Those were his words. Had she not repeated them to herself a dozen times a day ever since? And now here was Saturday. It had been long enough on the way; but it was come at last. And Lancelot?

She did not once ask herself "Will he come?" but only "Will he come early?" "Will he come late?" That he might for any cause be a day behind, was a possibility that never once occurred to her. She would as soon have expected the sun to put off rising.

However, he did not come early. It was an uncertain, stormy day; and the weather kept visitors away. Midday passed, and the afternoon hours struck at intervals that seemed twice their ordinary length. Never had time gone so slowly. By and by, as the day began to darken, she put on a thick shawl and went into the garden. Here she walked slowly up and down, watching the ragged cloud-drifts as they coursed across the sky, and listening to the wind among the trees.

It was not a cheerful garden at the best of times; and now, all dusk and damp, with dead leaves rotting in the paths and bare boughs dark against the sky, it looked forlorn enough. The old summer-house, too, was fast falling to ruin; and the sun-dial was long since broken.

"Poor Cuthbert!"

Ay, poor Cuthbert! The place always reminded her of him. It was there he sat. It was there he put his betrothal ring upon her finger. That ring was locked away now. She had not worn it for years; she should never wear it again. It had passed into a relic.

All at once, she held her breath and listened. Surely she heard something?—a faint, indefinite something that came and went with the wind, and resolved itself presently into the measured beat of galloping hoofs! Then her heart gave a leap, and she went round by the cherry-orchard as far as the little gate that opened into the courtyard. Here she waited; and still the galloping hoofs drew nearer. Then they echoed under the gateway, and Lancelot rode into the courtyard.

He made straight for the porch; dismounted; and in the act of dismounting, saw her where she stood.

"Did you expect me?" he asked, throwing his reins to Reuben.

"Yes; I was sure you would come."

He smiled.

"Then your faith in me was greater than my faith in myself. I scarcely hoped to do it in the time; for I have met with all kinds of delays, and, to crown the whole, something went wrong with the engine a mile or two this side of Birmingham, and the train was two hours late. However, here I am; and before dark, too! You are coming in from a walk?"

"No—I was in the garden."

"Then shall we go back to the garden, while I tell you about Munich?"

He said this, because he had observed, or fancied he observed, since Miss Langtry's death, that Winifred liked better to talk with him out of doors than in the house.

"But you are tired—you would rather come in and rest?" she said hesitatingly.

"Not at all. I shouldn't mind walking all round the moors before dinner."

His appearance contradicted his words. He looked pale and fagged, and he was splashed from head to foot.

"I am ashamed to appear in this plight," he said; "but the roads are rivers of mud."

"You come direct from London?"

"I come direct from Munich."

"From Munich! You have been to Munich?"

"Of course. Where else do you suppose I was, all this past week?"

"I did not know—I did not think. I suppose I concluded you went to London."

"As if it would have taken me a week to go to London and

back! No; I went straight to Munich, and from Munich have come straight back again. Don't look so horrified! It is by no means a long journey; and as I said before, I am not tired. And now tell me—are you still in the same mind about going away?"

"Yes; in precisely the same mind."

"Then I have found a home for you. Not in a school—I went to a dozen schools, without seeing one in which I thought you could feel happy. This is the house of a Protestant pastor, one Dr. Kreutzmann by name, whose family consists of a wife and two orphan nieces—simple, quiet folk, all of them; homely in their ways, and thoroughly respectable."

And then he went on to explain how the nieces, being heiresses on a modest scale, had been brought up by the Kreutzmanns, who had no children of their own; how Frau Kreutzmann had a brother who was an architect and knew all the leading artists in Munich; and how, by his help, Winifred might readily obtain any introductions she pleased. As for the house, it was a substantial, old-fashioned dwelling, once a farmhouse, and stood a little way out of the town.

"A regular Bavarian homestead," he explained, "like the Noah's Arks of the Tyrolean toy-boxes, with overhanging eaves, and rows upon rows of windows with bright green shutters, and over the door a fresco of Saint Christopher with the Infant Christ on his shoulder. Then there is a garden, which will be pleasant in spring; and as for winter, I don't think it can ever be very cold indoors, for there are stoves in all the rooms, and the walls are three feet and a-half thick."

"It sounds like a rural Paradise!"

"As for accommodation, there are some twenty rooms in the house, several of which are unoccupied. I went over the whole of them—apple-chambers and all; and I saw a little suite of three rooms at the end of a corridor on the third floor, in which, I think, you could be comfortable."

"Three rooms! What should I do with three rooms? I want only a cell to sleep in."

"I beg your pardon. If you study Art, you must have a studio; and the end room will make a capital studio. And besides your studio, you must have a bedroom for yourself and a bedroom for your maid."

"But you don't suppose I should take Bridget to Munich? What would become of The Grange?"

"What, indeed! No—I am perfectly aware that you cannot take Bridget to Munich."

"Nor Joan; because of the dairy!"

"My dear Winifred, I never dreamed of transplanting either the venerable Bridget or the blooming Joan. You must have a Bavarian maid—in fact, you have one already."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you could hardly make the journey without an attendant, and that a maid will add greatly to your comfort in a household where the mistress is her own cook, and the young ladies wait at table. You have no idea of the primitive way in which these worthy people live."

"I have lived in that primitive way all my life," said Winifred. "It will not be new to me."

"Dear child, you can do in your own home what it would be unbecoming you should do in any other. I could not possibly allow you to wait upon yourself at Dr. Kreutzmann's; I have, therefore, engaged an attendant for you—a good soul named Christine, whose mother was Frau Kreutzmann's foster-sister, and whom I am sure you will like."

It was now so dusk that he did not see how her colour came and went during this apparently simple speech. Neither was he conscious of having said anything calculated to produce that effect. That he should think for her and act for her, seemed to him the merest matter of course; but to her this protecting forethought was wholly new and unexpected. Even the tone of good-humoured authority in which he spoke, touched her with a wondering delight. It was so good to feel that there was still some one to take care of her!

"You are not displeased?" he said, finding that she made no reply. "Have I taken too much upon myself?"

"How should I be displeased? How can I be anything but grateful?"

"Hush!" he said, quickly. "That word is out of place, Winifred, between you and me. It pains me."

"But you think of everything!"

"That is not wonderful. It only shows that I have a little common sense and a moderate amount of experience. I am, of course, anxious that you should be comfortably lodged, and properly cared for."

He paused a moment; then added, hesitatingly:—

"As anxious as if you were my own sister."

Did the words chill her, or had it turned colder? The dying dusk, at all events, was suddenly extinguished; the sky became black overhead; and it began to rain.

"Here comes another storm!" he said. "We must run for it, or we shall be wet through before we reach shelter."

They quickened their steps; but they had scarcely reached the house when it poured in torrents. In the porch he put out his hand to say good-bye; but she would not hear of his going till the storm was over. So they went in; and Bridget served them with coffee in the oak-parlour.

"I see you now for the first time," he said, when the old woman had lit the candles, and left the room. "Heavens! how ill you look!"

She looked ill, indeed; her eyes unnaturally large and ringed round with dark circles; her face and lips bloodlessly pale; and in the expression, not of her face only, but of her very hands, there was a worn, spiritless look that struck him with dismay.

"But I am not ill—at least, I think not," she replied. "I am only tired; and—lonely."

Still he looked at her; and the more he looked, the more he was troubled.

"Yes, you are right," he said. "The sooner you get away the better. Of course, it is lonely—horribly lonely. I suppose I have not realised it till now. Poor child!"

"Nay," she said, forcing a smile, "The Grange has been besieged by visitors all the week. But I am very ungrateful. I should have been thankful if they had stayed away, or only sent cards."

"How soon can you be ready?"

"For the journey?"

"Yes; for the journey."

"Immediately—at two hours' notice."

"But have you no purchases to make?—nothing to do in the way of preparation?"

"I think not. At all events, if I want anything I will buy it over there."

"But for travelling? Remember, it is winter. You will want furs, rugs, travelling wraps."

She shook her head.

"It doesn't matter," she said, indifferently. "I have a cloak; and Bridget will find me some shawls. Besides, I should hate to go into Singleton, where I have never been without—her."

The last word came with a sob."

"It is very foolish," she said, brushing a tear away. "I shall be better by and by; but—but it is my first great sorrow, you know."

"No, Winifred—not the first!"

The blood rushed in a torrent to her face, so white the moment before.

"No, no," she said, confusedly. "I don't mean that, of course—not altogether, at least! But no one was the same to me as Aunt Hester. . . . not even Uncle Stephen. As for Cuthbert—that was not like a sudden blow—not as if we had known for certain!"

"It was worse than certainty," he said gloomily.

"It was worse, in one way. And yet one could not mourn as one would have mourned, had it been certain. I mean, it was a different kind of sorrow. You will not misunderstand me, Lancelot. You know how much I owed to his goodness—how I honoured him."

"Ay, but it was honour—not love!"

"Lancelot!"

Their eyes met; fire in his—alarm in hers.

"Forgive me!" he stammered. "I ought not to have said it."

Then, finding that she was silent, he added hurriedly, almost defiantly:—

"But what does it matter? I have always known it. The words have been on my lips a hundred times before, and now at last they have escaped me—that is all! And, Dear, why need you mind? Why look so distressed? You would have loved him, if you could. I know you tried to school your heart; but it was of no use. The fault was not yours. How could you help it? What woman ever yet loved a man merely because he desired to be loved, or because it was her duty to love him? Love comes unsought—unbidden—un-suspected."

He took her hand—the hand that felt so cold and looked so tired. She drew it quickly away.

"I was not worthy of him," she said, tremulously. "You cannot reproach me more than I reproach myself."

"Heavens and earth! Winifred, I am not reproaching you. I do not even reproach myself; though God knows there have been times when . . . ."

"Hush!" she said, interrupting him. "What is past is past. Let us only remember that you are his brother, and that I am going away. I think the storm is over."

This was said with a dignity, a decision, that silenced and almost abashed him.

"You are right," he said, confusedly. "I beg your pardon."

Then, after a pause full of embarrassment to both, he said:—

"I am going now; but before I go, can you give me an idea as to when you will wish to start?"

"Can I go on Tuesday?"

"Certainly—when you please."

"But what must I do? Where must I go first?"

"You must go first to London, and thence by way of Paris or Brussels. But leave all that to me. In the mean while, what about Christine, your maid? Would you like to have her over here at once, or shall she meet you at the station?"

"What do you mean? She is not in England?"

"She is by this time at Old Court, having tea, I dare say, with the Church and his wife. I knew you would require her on the journey."

Again her cheek was warmed by a momentary flush—a flush of surprise, or pleasure, or gratitude, or perhaps of all three. But she only said very quietly:—

"Thank you; I think I would rather be met by her at the station."

"Very good. The express goes at forty-five minutes past nine, and reaches London in time for the mail-train to Dover. Will it fatigue you too much to go as far as Dover the first day?"

"Not at all. I should like, if possible, to go still farther."

"As far as Calais? Well, you will see when the time comes. And is it to be on Tuesday next?"

"Yes."

"Then I will meet you, with Christine, at Singleton Station, at twenty minutes before ten. Till then, good-bye."

She put out her hand. She longed to say something more than "good-bye;" but what, she hardly knew. To thank him seemed all at once to have become strangely difficult.

So she said only:—

"Good-bye."

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### FROM OLD TO NEW

"WHAT a wonderful place!"

They had been travelling all night and all the previous day; and now it was eight o'clock in the morning, and they were standing in the market-place at Brussels.

It had been a weary journey; confusing, and troubled, and full of changes. First the parting; Bridget lamenting that she should never live to see her young lady back again, and Joan in floods of tears. Then, at the turn of the road, the last blurred glimpse of the old home. Then the cold wet drive in the old hooded chaise—the draughty station—Lancelot waiting to hand her out—Christine, a tall rosy-cheeked damsel in a round black bonnet and dark grey cloak—the coming train—the sloping platform, and a last sight of Reuben blubbering in the background. Then gliding trees and hedgerows, and lines of telegraph-wires that seemed to rise and fall perpetually; and floods of rain coursing down the window-panes; and a leaden sky overhead; and Lancelot sitting opposite, grave and silent; and a strange feeling that all the old familiar faces and places were every moment being left farther and farther behind.

Thus many hours passed, and the early December afternoon closed in; and by and by there was a glitter of innumerable lamps, a running to and fro, a bewildering crowd, a huge station; and then Winifred found herself in a cab driving through miles of lighted streets. This was London. Then another station—another railway carriage—an interval of forgetfulness—a sudden waking up—a ringing of bells—a rush of cold night air—a sloping gangway, with a sound of surging water below—a wet deck—a couple of hours on a sofa in a dim cabin, with Christine sleeping on the floor close by—then noise and movement overhead—Lancelot's voice at the cabin-door—the night-air, and the rain, and the gangway all over again

—soldiers, porters, custom-house officials—a chatter of French voices—*terra firma*—Calais. Here (Winifred declaring she was not tired, and begging to be allowed to travel all night) they warmed themselves at a good fire, had food and coffee in the buffet, and were off again by the midnight express. Then came the night-journey to Brussels; Winifred and Christine in a compartment to themselves where, warmly wrapped in rugs and shawls, they slept profoundly all the rest of the night. When they woke, the day was just dawning. The lamp overhead was extinguished, and the window had become a square of pale grey light beyond which lay ghostly flats and lines of spectral poplars fading into mist. Then, as the light waxed stronger, the scattered outskirts of a large city came into view; and presently the train ran into another big station, and they were at Brussels.

Here they were to take a day's rest, and go to a hotel.

Driving through the streets in which the shopkeepers had not yet begun to take down their shutters, they came to the market-place, then at its busiest hour, and alighted, the better to enjoy this bright and busy scene—one of the most picturesque that Europe has to show.

The mists had now dispersed, and the sun was breaking through rent and rolling masses of fast-vanishing cloud. Straight before them stood the Hotel de Ville, its innumerable windows all-a-glitter; its noble tower flecked with light and shadow; its weathercock-saint—now bronze in shade, now gold in shine—flashing and shifting with the wind. The Broodhuis opposite was in deep shadow, as befitted the scene of a great tragedy; while all around,

crowded together as if they had not half room enough, stood the quaint Guild and Corporation Houses of old days, with their gable-fronts, and jutting balconies, and faded splendour of scroll-work and gilding.

The great square in their midst was one huge parti-coloured

garden of fruit and vegetable stalls all alive with buyers and sellers, and colour and movement, and life; and in the air was a multitudinous humming of many voices, and a clattering of brass pails, and a tramping of wooden shoes, and a cracking of whips, and a lumbering of heavy wheels.

Well might Winifred exclaim that it was "a wonderful place!"

She was breathless; dazzled; as *naïve* in her wonder as a delighted child. Clinging to Lancelot's arm, the fatigue of the journey all forgotten, she listened as in a dream to the stories he was telling her about Egmont and Horn, and the Duchess of Richmond's ball, and the Eve of Waterloo; and though people turned their heads to look after her, and the brown broad-cheeked market-women smiled and nodded and jabbered unintelligible praises of her fair young English face, she was too much taken up with the novelty of the scene to be even conscious that she was looked at.

"They are just married!" said a bright-eyed old body installed behind a pile of fruit and flowers.

"Nay, how can that be, and she in black?" exclaimed another who sold sabots and crockery. "Her mourning is quite new, too."

"Well, then, they are lovers!"

And holding out a handful of white roses, she said in her guttural Flemish:—

"My handsome Monsieur will buy some flowers for his beautiful young lady?"

She was a pleasant-looking old woman, her cap covered all over with tiny quillings of fine Mechlin lace, and a pair of gold ear-rings in her ears; and her appeal, which it needed no knowledge of the language to understand, was irresistible. So Lancelot bought the roses, and Winifred carried them all the rest of the way.

Then they went to their hotel and breakfasted; and by and by he took her to see the Church of St. Gudule, and the Place des Martyrs, and the shops in the Galerie St. Hubert; and in the evening they went on again and travelled all night as before, arriving in the morning at Coblenz, where the railway (then in course of construction) came to an end. They, however, found a steamer waiting the arrival of the train, and so went on by water to Mayence, and then again by rail to Frankfort, where they put up again for twenty-four hours. Here, next day, they saw the house of Goethe, and Schwanthalter's statue of the poet, and the portraits of the Kaisers in the old Town Hall; and from Frankfort, being rested and refreshed, they made but one more stage of it, going straight to Munich, where they arrived late in the afternoon of the fourth day since leaving Singleton station.

There had been some feeling of embarrassment on both sides at starting, and the first day went by uncomfortably. But the brilliant sunshine of the following morning quickly dispelled that little cloud; and the time since then had been one enchanted holiday. Fain would they have travelled thus for ever, always going somewhere or arriving somewhere; wandering through picture galleries; lingering in the shadowy aisles of ancient churches; listening to legends dinned by black-robed vergers; always amused, always together, and as much alone at a little table in the corner of a noisy public room at a big hotel, as Daphnis and Chloris on a hill-side in Arcady.

But how was it that Winifred, who had never in her life travelled for eighteen or twenty-four hours at a stretch, could go on all day and sleep all night in a railway carriage, without stopping? How was it that, so far from looking more fatigued and pale than when she started, the tender, joyous flush of health came fluttering back to her cheek that very first morning in the market-place at Brussels? In simple truth, the poor child was entertained and happy, and taken out of herself and her own cares. Everything amused her; everything was new and delightful; the scenery as it flitted by, often bleak and barren, but unlike any she had seen at home—the odd crowds at the various stations—the unknown tongue on every lip—the novel fare—the glimpses of quaint towns, passed so quickly and all so curiously alike—the Rhine, beautiful even in winter, its vineyards leafless, its inns empty, its waters solitary—the waggoner driving his team of yoked oxen—the poplar-bordered canal—the graveyard full of iron crosses hung with wreaths of immortelles—the paved straight country road dwindling to a white streak in the distance—the many-turreted "Schloss" on its vantage-ground of hill-side—the nestling village below—the priest in his black soutane, the peasant in his sabots, the soldier in his spiked helmet and white gaiters—all these passing before her in quick succession turned her thoughts into new channels and kept her attention on the alert. Then there was Lancelot always taking care of her; seeing that the foot-warmer was changed and that the rugs were wrapped closely round her; getting her grapes at this station and flowers at that; telling her scraps of history, and legends of the places they passed; telegraphing in advance for rooms at hotels, and carriages to meet them at the stations where they stopped; dining with her; breakfasting with her; walking with her; surrounding her with unspoken attentions and unobtrusive cares. . . . how could she help being content and amused and happy, if only for a few short days?

It was by her own desire that they came by that route, and so quickly. She would have gone straight through from London to Munich, if Lancelot had consented.

"And you are positively not tired?" he asked her again and again.

But she always replied that she was less tired than when they first started.

It was eight o'clock in the evening when they reached Munich; and they found the Kreutzmann family at supper. The good people had not expected their English guests for another day or two; but they hurried out to meet and greet the strangers, and were none the less cordial because taken by surprise. Frau Kreutzmann, a buxom housewife with a leathern satchel hanging at her girdle, took Winifred by both hands, kissed her on both cheeks, and bade her welcome to the home. The grey-haired pastor, in well-worn black coat and knee-breeches, helped to bring in her luggage. The two nieces—fair, smiling damsels, with braided hair and embroidered caps and skirts just short enough to show a pretty foot and a buckled shoe—took off her cloak and hat, put her in a big chair by the fire, chafed her cold hands, and said welcoming words which needed no translation though spoken in German. Christine, meanwhile, having come in for her share of greetings and kisses, slipped quietly back into her old place in the household; fetched clean plates and mugs; placed chairs at the upper end of the table for Winifred and Lancelot, and a stool for herself at the bottom; and presently they were all supping together in the good old patriarchal Bavarian fashion, off hot pudding, black bread, stewed fruit and home-made cheese.

It was a big room with whitewashed walls and one huge beam traversing the ceiling from end to end. The floor was carpetless; the boards were spotless; the windows hung with clean muslin curtains. In one corner stood a large stove covered with shining white tiles, through the open door of which a ray of warm red light flowed out along the floor. On the walls, in plain black frames, hung a few good prints, a gun, some antlers and other sporting trophies.

Presently, supper being ended, the pastor said grace, the nieces ran upstairs to prepare Winifred's room, and Christine cleared the table. Then the old man took down his silver-mounted rifle, and the stock curiously cut out to fit the rifleman's shoulder, and told them

how it had been given to him by his parishioners on his wedding day, thirty years ago. A rare good rifle of the old sort—none better! Many a steinbock had he stalked and shot with it. See yonder horns—three foot and a half from root to tip. That was a king of steinbocks, that one—the finest he had ever brought down! The Frailein was looking at that trophy of tails—Foxes? No, no—not foxes. Wolves. Wolves every one. Plenty of wolves in the woods beyond Starnberg; aye, and bears, too, for that matter. He had shot many a grizzly in his young days, before he was married. Bears had grown more scarce and shy, however, of late years; and even steinbocks and chamois were less plentiful than of old. That was the fault of the railroads, for bringing strange sportsmen about their haunts.

Thus he chattered, and the time passed quickly. By and by, a cuckoo clock struck ten; whereupon Pastor Kreutzmann brought out a ponderous old German Bible, read a chapter aloud, and invoked a blessing upon his assembled family and upon the strangers who were within his gates.

"Do you think you shall like it?" said Lancelot, as he bade Winifred good night.

"I like the place and the people better than any place or people I ever saw!" she replied, with a happy smile.

Then the girls conducted her to her room; and Frau Kreutzmann brought her a cup of some kind of hot *tisane* after she was in bed; and long before eleven, the whole household was asleep.

(To be continued)

\* \* PERSONAL.—In consequence of the revival of an error of long-standing, Miss AMELIA B. (Blandford) EDWARDS desires to say that her name is neither Betham nor Betham-Edwards, and that she is not related to the Betham family.



BEACONSFIELD.—This historic manor is for sale, in company with the Hall Barn Park Estate, to which it has been attached. The estate is enclosed within a ring fence, and comprises 3,154 acres. The Manor House is a very satisfactory residence, with a good approach, and the fifteen farms attached to the property are in good order. The estate also includes an old-fashioned residence in the village of Beaconsfield. Mr. Alton Morrison, the proprietor of the estate, has recently died, owing to which circumstance it has become necessary to sell the estate.

STANMORE.—Bentley Priory Estate is for sale. Situate within an hour's sharp drive of Hyde Park Corner, and with a fine lake and old trees in the park to put forward as attractions, it ought to find a ready purchaser. The owner of a property so situated would not need a country house and a house for the London season besides. The total area of the property is 460 acres.

WINDERMERE.—This year's "takes" of fish up to the end of May included 2,602 char, weight 716 lbs.; 324 trout, weight 162 lbs.; 129 salmon. The salmon were duly returned to the lake, as they were too young for sport. Good fishing is being obtained on the Scotch lochs.

THE APPEARANCE OF BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS.—A writer in *Hardwicke's Science Gossip* gives for the present year the following "earliest appearances":—Small tortoiseshell butterfly (*V. urticae*), March 11th; common white butterfly (*P. napi*), March 20th; gamma moth (*P. gamma*), March 20th; painted lady butterfly (*V. cardui*), March 26th; heath brown butterfly (*S. janira*), March 29th. We remember seeing our first butterfly of the year on March 29th. It was a small tortoiseshell. We saw a peacock butterfly (*V. Io*) early in April.

WHITE ROOK.—One of these curious birds was captured the other day near Haverfordwest. It died in its cage a few days after capture.

BULLFINCH AND CANARY.—The correspondent of a contemporary announces that he has succeeded in getting these two birds to pair. It will be interesting to note if the eggs duly hatch out.

NEW-MOWN HAY.—The delightful scent of the hayfields, which seems to be the very breath of sweetness and early summer, is chiefly due to the vernal grass, the *anthoxanthum* of our botanists. This grass has, when taken apart and dried, a strong similarity in odour to the woodruff. Those unfortunate persons who suffer from hay fever find the scent of the new-mown hay peculiarly irritating, and we suppose that there must reside in the delightful odour of the vernal grass constituents which irritate certain organisations exactly as they please the majority of mankind.

CATERPILLARS AND PLANTS.—The protective resemblance of many caterpillars to their food plant has often been remarked, and it is especially instructive to mark how many gaudy caterpillars are yet protected by their variety of colour and form. Thus the Emperor caterpillar (*Saturnia carpi*) is green with magenta warts. It is very conspicuous if placed on a table or a sheet of paper. But place it on the heather, and the resemblance to the plant with its bursting buds of magenta is wonderful.

THE MOORS.—Reports from the Highlands are very favourable. The hatching season has been got over without mishap, and not only are the broods large but they give every appearance of sound health and freedom from disease.

THE MALT TAX.—The removal of the Malt Tax is an act of justice to farmers tardily performed, but none the less welcome because long delayed. The agricultural Tories were constantly pressing the late Government to introduce this reform, but while accepting the principle they postponed its accomplishment until power passed into the hands of their opponents, who have now decidedly "scored one" off a distinctly Tory measure.

NORRIS CASTLE.—This famous property in the Isle of Wight to which we made reference some time ago has now been purchased as a residence by the Duke of Bedford.

CURIOS METEOROLOGICAL OCCURRENCE.—Mr. Matthias Dunn, of Falmouth, writes:—"Two of our fishermen were greatly surprised when at sea recently about ten miles off Falmouth. They had been at anchor, fishing. The night was dark and overcast with clouds. All at once they heard a rush above them, and a heavy body violently descended into the sea close to the boat, splashing the water on board of her. The first impression on the men's minds was that they had been shot at by some unseen passing ship, and they instantly rushed for shelter. But finding no report of gun or guns following, they were at their wits' end to account for the phenomenon." An aérolite or meteoric stone must, we fancy, have fallen in the manner stated.

HOPS.—The reports from the hop gardens are, on the whole, good, though fly has appeared in the Weald of Kent.

THE GROUND GAME BILL.—Opposition to this measure is decided on the increase, not only among landowners and landlords, but also among reflective politicians, who for remedying one evil hesitate to admit a false principle of political action. On the other hand, the local Chambers of Agriculture are supporting the measure, and the final struggle threatens to be one not so much of Liberals

and Conservatives as of property owners, on the one side simple occupiers and non-owners on the other.

TO PRESERVE THE COLOUR OF FLOWERS.—Those who dry flowers, and wish to preserve their colour, should immerse them for about a quarter of an hour in a mixture composed of equal parts of water and spirits of wine. This seems to "fix" the colour.

WHEAT.—The young wheat-plant has now come pretty generally into ear, and the growth, so far, has been decidedly healthy. Not only does the blade look vigorous, and of a rich colour, but the ear now forming promises future fulness and abundance of well-nourished grains.

ORCHIDS.—At Arnot Hill Gardens, Nottingham, might be seen, at the close of May, one of the most splendid collections of orchids ever got together by horticultural skill. Mr. C. G. Hill, the owner, is a new comer, having had the place only three years. Horticulturists may look forward, therefore, to still finer plant displays in the future.

BEES.—An attempt to introduce Asiatic bees into Western countries is now being made, and the result of the experiment is watched with keen interest by the disciples of apiculture. The following special advantages over the English are claimed for the Syrian bees:—(1.) That they fly farther, and forage more vigorously for their honey. (2.) That they fly faster, and, having greater wing-power, get more honey in a given time. (3.) That they are stronger, and can carry heavier honey-wads. The coldness of our climate seems against the Syrian bee; but no one can say, until they have tried, whether this or that foreign insect cannot be acclimated.

TRANSPLANTING IN THE NIGHT.—A gentleman, anxious to ascertain the effect of transplanting at night instead of by day, made an experiment with the following results. He transplanted ten cherry trees while in bloom, commencing at four o'clock in the afternoon. Those transplanted during the daylight shed their blossoms, producing little or no fruit; while those transplanted in the dark fully maintained their condition. He did the same with ten dwarf trees, after the fruit was one-third grown. Those transplanted during the daylight shed their fruit; those transplanted during the night perfected the crop, and showed no injury from being removed. With all the trees he removed some earth with the roots. Was this case merely coincidence? At all events, if a few similar experiments should produce similar results, it would be a strong argument for transplanting at night.



"HERE'S RUE FOR YOU," by Mrs. Arthur Kennard (Chapman and Hall).—There are abundant evidences in this book of its being a work of a novice. It is almost with pleasure that we notice real errors which hackneyed novelists learn to avoid; and it is with real gratification that we detect an absence of all those conventionalisms which disfigure the pages of modern works of fiction. There is a freshness and piquancy in the book which makes it eminently readable. It is a record of everyday life, in modern London society, and is evidently written with the intention of showing how easy it is for a woman, pure and spotless though she be, to compromise herself almost beyond power of redemption. It is true that the taint of insanity in Mr. St. Aubyn's family displayed itself with intense force in his person, and this, coupled with his own egregious vanity, led him to fancy that his passion was reciprocated; still we cannot absolve Mrs. Heathcote from the charge of frivolity verging on indiscretion. Her husband we can scarcely forgive. That a man should believe his wife guilty on the mere assertion of her lover is preposterous, and had Mr. Heathcote possessed a soul worthy of his charming little wife, or a mind open to the influence of gentlemanly reasoning, he would have felt that Mr. St. Aubyn's vain boasting were the ravings of a lunatic—no potboiler would exultingly gloat before a husband of his successes over his sick wife. This is the weak point in an otherwise well-written work. The proud dictatorial mother-in-law, the cold unsympathetic sister-in-law, the warm loving cousin,—are all drawn with clearness and fidelity. The dinner party at the Adela Manners is a feeling that Mrs. Kennard would have shown (we confess to a feeling that Mrs. Kennard would have shown better taste in not availing herself of such a typical family name) is admirably given. "Here's Rue for You" is a very pretty novel, showing traces of originality and talent; and we cordially welcome its authoress into the ranks of novel writers, to which she will prove a valuable addition, if her succeeding efforts merely show an equality with this work.

"Mervyn O'Connor," by Lord Desart (Hurst and Blackett).—Lord Desart is a young nobleman who writes easily and well, but his views of the fitness of things are warped, and his men and women resemble more the creations of a humble follower of the "Ouida" school than those with whom English noblemen consort. We know that even the highest ranks of society are not free from an occasional *escandale*, but we as Englishmen, reasonably proud of our aristocracy, do not care to parade these feelings before the world. With his undoubted abilities it is a pity Lord Desart does not strike out some new line; he is capable of far better work than writing trashy sensational novels.

"Enga," by the author of "The Harbour Bar" (Macmillan).—This is a very different stamp of work to the last. Pure and healthy in tone, with absolutely nothing in it that can possibly jar on the most sensitive nerves, it is yet full of interest, and not devoid of exciting scenes. The description of life amongst the Scotch peasantry is no less faithfully told than that in the manse, and the characters of all, gentle and simple, are drawn with a fidelity possible only to one who has not merely studied on the spot, but whose studies have been a labour of love. The description of the night poaching expedition in the opening chapters is given with much power, and forms a promising commencement to a novel of more than ordinary merit.

"Workers in the Dawn," by George R. Gissing (Remington).—We presume this is a novel written with a purpose, but we must confess to rising from its perusal with a sense of perplexity and of weariness. Mr. Gissing dwells familiarly on the scenes of vice and misery in the neighbourhood of Whitecross Street, so that we have a dim sort of an idea that "Workers in the Dawn" is intended as a plea for the necessity of City Missions. The book is without plot; and the art of padding is carried to such an extent that we trust we may be pardoned for saying, that though it betrays small evidence of literary skill, it shows its author to be possessed of great perseverance, which might well have been diverted to another channel. The life which Mr. Gissing paints, and with a certain amount of skill, is one which we fain would hide from the gaze of the gentler members of our families; and though we may give our quota to the support of those noble workers who do not forget that in our metropolis lie savages with souls to be saved, yet we do not care to discuss the doings of those savages before our sisters or our wives.

"George Vanburgh's Mistake," by H. Baden Pritchard (Sampson Low and Co.).—The author of this novel has already made a name for himself by his previous works, which are all written with grace and ease. They are evidently the work of a polished gentleman who, without any pretensions to high literary merit, can nevertheless out of slight material build a readable romance. In "George Vanburgh's Mistake," Mr. Baden Pritchard has constructed with

some skill an entertaining novel out of a very unsatisfactory plot. The characters are for the most part weak and unnatural. Mr. Shorter, the successful criminal lawyer, is a grotesque caricature; Vanburgh, his friend and the hero, is a weak vacillating creature; whilst of the remaining men, Whiffles, Mallalieu, and De Belleville are unmixed scamps; and Job, the medical herbalist, a very improbable wooer. Kate and Lucy, the two principal female characters, are gentlewomen of the purest type; but we must own to feeling surprised that the latter should prefer the medical herbalist to her lazy but straightforward cousin George. The children, Wat and the Philosopher, remind us much of that charming collection in Kingsley's "Austin Elliott"—they are the perfection of babes. Though scarcely coming up to some of his former efforts, "George Vanburgh's Mistake" will add to Mr. Baden Pritchard's reputation as a successful novelist.

CHAINED TO THE COUNTER.—Within easy hail of hot July we may shortly expect to find in the columns of our morning newspapers the customary annual appeal for funds to provide a "day in the country" for the court and alley-bound juveniles of the metropolis. It would be no less an act of Christian charity if the movement in question were extended so as to include within its scope a class as sorely in need of a little recreation and a breath of country air as any representative of the Squalor family. The class referred to are the counter girls in the employment of London shopkeepers. Of course there are exceptions to the shameful rule, but it is undeniable that there are hundreds, nay, thousands, of young females, daughters of respectable parents, and unused to any kind of hardship during their childhood, whose working hours are such as would rouse the indignation of the Bricklayers' Labourers' Protection Society were a similar lengthy "day" imposed on one of its broad-backed members by a master. The drapery trade in its various branches furnishes the greater part of those inconsiderate employers, especially those who, denied the pecuniary advantages of a fashionable locality, endeavour to make up the sum of their profit by opening their business premises early in the morning, and closing them at night only when there is no further hope of a late chance customer slipping in. There is, of course, no objection to a shopkeeper following any system that in his opinion best serves his legitimate interests, but he may depend on it is mistaken economy for him to treat his *employés*, especially young girls, merely as part of the machinery of his trade—to be wound down into the shop, in a manner of speaking, when the shutters are wound up, and to remain chained to the counter until the friendly winch is taken in hand by the weary porter who "shuts up," when the poor jaded and footsore girls, who have not been permitted to sit down during the day, except to their meals, ascend to their bedrooms to recruit exhausted nature for to-morrow's fourteen hours of drudgery. The Ladies' Sanitary Association, under the patronage of the Princess of Wales and many other noble ladies whose influence should be worth something, is at the present time, by means of a circular, making an urgent appeal to shopkeeping employers of young women for their more considerate treatment—an example that might well be followed by ladies whose station in life, though less exalted, have it "just as much" in their power to aid the good cause in their own immediate neighbourhood. That combination and perseverance can do much is amply proved by the latest report of the Early Closing Association. It shows that through its efforts out of fifty-four houses engaged in the Manchester trade forty-three have now a library and reading-room, and thirty-eight houses can boast each of a cricket club, while others have football, bicycle, and swimming clubs.

THE "TALLY" BRANCH OF THE BOOK TRADE.—Last week at the Surrey Sessions a man was indicted for fraudulently disposing of nineteen Bibles entrusted to him in his capacity of a book-hawker. The sacred volumes were valued at 3/- 3d. each, and the prisoner's commission was to be fifteen per cent. on all sales effected by him. As he alleged, pecuniary difficulties arising from slackness of trade tempted him, and he deposited the books with the pawnbrokers for various sums. In sentencing the accused to four months' imprisonment, Mr. Hardman condemned the system of hawking and selling to servants and others such valuable books, and expressed a hope that it would be discontinued. With all due respect for the opinion of the worthy Chairman of Sessions, there appears no good reason why "servants and others" should not become possessors of an expensive Bible, or any other volume, provided they obtain their money's worth, and have honestly-acquired means at their disposal for the purchase, money down, or by the frequent easy instalments of the agreed-on price. The villainy is where hawkers of trashy works, consisting of an indefinite number of weekly or monthly "parts," force them on ignorant purchasers, who are ultimately compelled to pay to the uttermost farthing by threats of, or by actual pressure of, County Court process. It is not nearly so well known as it should be the extent to which this "tally-trade" dodge is practised by a few unscrupulous members of the book-selling trade. The well-nigh worn-out materials for the production of popular works on history or travel are bought for a mere trifle, and a "specimen number," generally a most unfair sample of the whole, is placed in the hands of the agents, whose business it is to make house-to-house visitation in country and town, and to obtain subscribers. Word-of-mouth contracts, however, are not sufficient for the agent's purpose. "Just for form's sake," he requires a printed slip of paper he carries with him to be signed by the responsible head of the family. "It is merely an order on the publisher," he says, "without which he, the agent, cannot get the parts for punctual delivery." But what is really the case is that the victim has by his signature pledged himself to "take in" the whole "work," however many parts it may consist of, and to settle the account on or before the delivery of the concluding portion. By the time the subscriber has received the third or fourth instalment of his bargain he observes its rubbishy quality, and declines to accept any more of it. But, faithful to his part of the contract, Mr. Agent punctually delivers the "shilling parts," or forwards them by post, until the last of the fifty or sixty is issued; and no tally-man in the drapery trade is then more rapacious for his due, or, as hundreds of small-wage-earning working men have found to their cost, more inexorable in suing for it.

JAPANESE RULES OF ART, if followed out in England, would considerably thin the attendance at London picture-galleries during a dull cold spring. Thus, the Japanese enjoin—according to the *American Architect*—that you must not look at a picture on a dark day, nor a cloudy day, nor when it is so cold that your breath will form a mist before you; nor must you look at it when you are ill, or cross, or unhappy, lest these circumstances influence your opinion. You must not look at the artist's name at first, but study the work at leisure, so as to judge impartially of its merits, and who the artist may be. Fond as the Japanese are of ornamenting their houses they do not crowd the rooms with pictures and *bric-a-brac* like the Europeans, but one or two pictures, a fungus, and a bracket or hanging basket serve for a short time, when these are laid away, and their place supplied by other things.

AN ANTI-JEWISH SOCIETY has been formed in Germany and Hungary to check the rise of Hebrew influence and to "save the country from entire Judification." The members of the "Anti-Semitic League" are to form clubs in all parts of the Empire, and to do their utmost to hinder Jewish immigration, to keep Jews from office, and assist their Christian competitors in all lines of business, to combat the Jewish press and found opposition journals, and to spread these doctrines throughout the land.



THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE AT HOME — PORTRAIT SKETCHES FROM LIFE IN THE GREEN ROOM OF THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS, PARIS



KEY BLOCK TO THE "COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE AT HOME"

1. M. Thiron.  
2. Mdlle. Clémentine Jouassain.  
3. M. Frédéric Febvre.  
4. Mdlle. Sophie Croizette.  
5. M. Joliet.

6. Mdlle. Bianca.  
7. Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt.  
8. Mdlle. Blanche Barretta.  
9. Mdlle. Thénard.

10. M. Mounet-Sully.  
11. M. Coquelin the younger.  
12. Mdlle. Jeanne Samary.  
13. M. Gustave Worms.

14. M. Coquelin the elder.  
15. Mdlle. Marie Favart.  
16. Mdlle. Emilie Broisart.  
17. Mdlle. Reichemberg.

18. Mdlle. Madeleine Brohan.  
19. M. Delaunay.  
20. M. Emile Got.  
21. M. Baillet.

## THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE AT HOME

THE far-famed company of the Comédie Française, which for two centuries has held the first rank in dramatic circles, was practically founded in 1638, when Molière and his comedians came to Paris, and received the title of "Troupe du Roi" and a monetary subvention. In 1680, after the death of Molière, the company, amalgamating with that of the Théâtre Guénégaud, received its present name of the Comédie Française, were endowed with an administrative constitution by Louis XIV., and were granted the monopoly of playing tragedies and comedies in the French capital. Since that time the company has always been subventioned by the State, and the Théâtre Français has ever been regarded as the National Theatre. Thus all but a very few of the best actors and actresses have been enrolled in its ranks, while it has been upon this stage that the chief pieces of French classical dramatic literature have seen the footlights for the first time. At the present day the Comédie Française receives a heavy subvention, and is as popular as it has ever been, though, yielding to the taste of the age, it has greatly departed from the old classic repertory for which its fame is proverbial, and now alternates the grand old plays of Molière, Corneille, and Racine with such very unclassical dramas as the *Ami Fritz* of Erckmann-Chatrian, the *Demi Monde* or the *Étrangère* of Dumas the Younger, or that very sensational piece of Octave Feuillet, the *Sphinx*.

To pass, however, from the pieces to the players, most of the names of those whose portraits we depict are familiar with English playgoers. Particularly is this the case with Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt, whose present visit to London has led to her resignation as a member of the Company, and to a suit at law, in which M. Perrin, the manager of the Théâtre Français, claims damages from her to the extent of 12,000. Mdlle. Bernhardt is half French and half Dutch, and early displayed a taste for the stage, making a not very successful *début* at the Théâtre Français in Racine's *Iphigénie*. After passing through various theatres she played in *Ruy Blas* so brilliantly at the Odéon that M. Perrin called her back to the Français, where, until lately, she has been the leading actress. Next in order we should mention Mdlle. Croizette, who is also a half-breed, having been born at St. Petersburg of Slav and French parents. She also made her *début* at the Théâtre Français with but little success, but in 1871, when M. Perrin came into office, he gave her further opportunities of distinguishing herself, and she speedily became a favourite, earning her reputation chiefly by her personation of the good-for-nothing baroness in *Jean de Thommeray*, and the heroine in the *Sphinx*—of whom the death scene is one of the most powerful, and, be it said, the most horrible impersonations ever attempted. Mdlle. Favart, who was once the leading actress, is a descendant of the well-known opera singer, Madame Favart, was advised by Mdlle. Mars to go on the stage in 1848, and at the age of fifteen made her *début* at the Français. At first she obtained but little success until, in 1858, she became famous by her rendering of Musset's *Camille*, and from that time for ten years she achieved triumph after triumph in comedy and tragedy alike, but since the war she has retired to make room for her younger colleagues, and plays the part of more mature heroines. Almost her contemporary is Madame Madeleine Brohan, whose manifest talent caused her to be nominated a *sociétaire* at nineteen, and who, like Mdlle. Favart, was formerly one of the leading lights of the company. Of the remaining ladies portrayed space will only permit us to say that Mdlles. Reichemberg, Barretta, and Broisart are the most successful *ingénues* on the French stage, that Mdlle. Jouassain is the very pink of dowagers and duennas, that Mdlle. Samary makes a charming *soubrette*—a true Molière waiting maid, and that Mdlles. Bianca and Thénard, who at present are only *pensionnaires*, show considerable talent in those minor *rôles*, the admirable playing of which is one of the chief characteristics of the company.

Of the men the chief is undoubtedly M. Got, the *doyen* of the Company, and who is justly reckoned first, even amongst European comedians. Whether in comedy or in drama, however, M. Got displays an originality and a versatility of talent which stamped him from his earliest appearance on the boards in 1847 as an actor of the first rank. M. Coquelin the elder ranks next to M. Got in comedy, and is renowned for his marvellous personation of Molière's valets, who play such an important part in his comedies, while his rendering of the villain in the *Étrangère* shows that his talents are by no means confined to comedy alone. M. Delaunay plays the *rôle* of "love-sick gallants," and is always a great favourite with the ladies of the audience, though of recent years he has taken somewhat to playing the husbands' parts. Another *jeune premier* is M. Worms, who also, it may be remembered, made a great impression by his admirable rendering of Don Carlos in *Hernani*. No less applause indeed, was reaped by M. Mounet-Sully in the title *rôle* of the same play, which he depicted with great dramatic power. This species of fiery dramatic character, indeed, is the specialty of this actor. M. Febvre is a good comedian of the modern school, whose success in such comedies as *Nos Intimes* and the *Famille Benoîte* won him his position as *sociétaire*; one of his best impersonations is that of the American in the *Étrangère*. M. Thiron is the "heavy father" of the company; M. Coquelin the younger is a clever light comedian; while about MM. Joliet and Baillet, who are *pensionnaires*, there is comparatively little to be said beyond that they are both excellent in their particular line, the former affecting the modern, and the latter the ancient repertory. The whole company consists of twenty-two *sociétaires*—full members, who share the profits, and an unlimited number of *pensionnaires* or salaried actors

and actresses. These, like the *sociétaires*, are entitled to a certain pension after twenty years' service, but the *sociétaires* on being elected have to enter into an agreement not to leave the theatre for twenty years without the consent of their colleagues.

"During the Restoration, and even as recently as the Revolution of 1848," writes our artist, "the 'Foyer des Artistes,' or Green Room, of the Comédie Française was the meeting-place for all the literary and artistic talent in Paris. Of late years, however, the *foyer* has become a sort of ante-chamber, where the actors merely remain a few moments whilst waiting their call on the stage. The principal actors and actresses go straight to their dressing-room between the acts, and there they receive their friends and acquaintances. For instance, Sarah Bernhardt scarcely ever went to the *foyer*, but consented to do so for the arrangement of our illustration.

"The *foyer* is decorated with extreme simplicity. Oak chairs of the Louis XIV. period, a divan, a clock by Robin, and a mirror or two constitute the furniture; but the principal feature of interest is the collection of pictures. On entering one notices a portrait of Rachel, painted by Edward Dubufe, and a small tablet on the frame states that this picture was presented to the Comédie Française by Mr. John Mitchell, manager of the French Theatre in London. A story connected with Molière's life has been illustrated by Ingrès, and represents the dramatist sitting at luncheon with Louis XIV., while the courtiers are standing at a respectful distance. The finished picture, which was painted for the Empress Eugénie, was burnt during the Commune, but the original sketch was fortunately preserved in the *foyer*.

"There are several portraits of Molière, one of which is attributed to Mignard, and formerly belonged to the collection of the Bishop of Winchester. He appears again in a group entitled "Les Farceurs François et Italiens," painted in 1670, which illustrates a curious stage arrangement of the period. The foot lights are candles smoking and flaming in a most approved fashion to light up a street scene, whilst from the sky are suspended magnificent lustres bearing wax-tapers. This was probably the only way in which light could be procured from above. Farther on is a portrait of Madame Vestris, with chained hands, and eyes raised to heaven.

"We should also note the picture by Robert Fleury, representing the last moments of Talma. The actor Geoffroy was a painter of merit. There are two of his pictures here, representing the principal comedians of 1840 and 1864. It would, however, be wearisome to give a list of all the artists who have contributed to the collection of the Green Room, but besides those already mentioned we may add the names of Eugène Delacroix, Vanloo, David, Gros, Gerard, Girodet, Isabey, &c.

"An interesting document is also displayed here—the deed signed by Louis XIV. and Colbert, conferring special privileges upon the actors of the Comédie Française, and dated 24th August, 1682. In conclusion a few words may be added concerning the stage, which is a model of order. Each actor has to undertake the duties of stage manager for the space of a week, M. Feyvre, who was on duty when our artist visited the theatre, kindly showed him the various scenic arrangements. On the left of the stage is still preserved the dressing-room of Talma, and at the foot of a staircase leading from it is a small box made of two side-wings and an awning, just large enough to hold a divan, a chair or two, and a table; this is called the *Guignol*, and serves as a resting-place for the actors when their absence from the scene is to be very short. Sarah Bernhardt was wont to take an ice here while receiving the salutations of her enthusiastic admirers."



EVERY one must sympathise with Kossuth, the Hungarian Gambetta—the lawyer who called armies into the field, and organised and planned, and all but freed his country, when (as he is careful to note) it was not rebelling against Austria, but the Emperor was most unjustly reducing it from an associate kingdom to a mere province. And all this was so long ago that it seems to belong to another cycle; and still Kossuth is to the front, the old man eloquent, albeit but a wandering voice, pleading for his old idea, a Hungarian kingdom—a Reapealer whom no amount of Home Rule will satisfy. Between him and Deák the contrast is striking. The latter, a patriot every inch of him, did what he could; the former, because he could not do what he would, refused to do anything, and wasted his energies in the thankless task of trying to make Napoleon III. see that the Hungarian question was inseparable from that of Italian unity. He did not succeed; indeed Napoleon's mode of dealing with Hungary reminds us of the strangely half-hearted way in which the Napoleons have always dealt with Poland. Kossuth very rightly insisted that Hungary should not be made a cat's-paw of, but that the insurrection, preceded by the advance of a considerable French army, should lead to the final liberation of the nation. This was the period of his famous speeches, when in all our great towns he was urging on England the duty of neutrality. England promised to be neutral; but Napoleon would not give the necessary guarantees, and without these Kossuth wisely declined to rouse his countrymen. Then came Solferino and the armistice; the

Hungarian legion melted away, and Kossuth wrote to Pietri "What will become of our poor country, which has been waiting for the word of command? and how shall we stand before the 4,000, who, trusting to our word, have enlisted under our flag?" Kossuth had been made a cat's-paw of; though he had fortunately saved his country from the same fate. The book is full of interesting notes of English and French politics; Lord Malmesbury, by the way, does not come off quite well on one occasion where he is mixed up with Kossuth. But the speeches are its main interest, not so much because they "prove" anything, but because of their exuberant eloquence. They rival Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian utterances. "Memories of My Exile" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) will be widely read, and will increase our admiration for the extraordinary man whose Hungarian kingdom, had he succeeded in founding it, might have lessened, while it certainly could not have augmented, the Eastern difficulty. We should say that Messrs. Cassell have arranged for the English version and Hungarian original to appear simultaneously.

Tyne Commissions, Tyne Commissions' Amendment Acts, and the like are rather of local than general interest; but the late Mr. James Guthrie's book, "The River Tyne, its History and Resources," (Newcastle: Reid; London: Longmans) contains, besides a full account of what has been and is being done for the river, with notices of the Tyneside before the Norman Conquest, a brief history of the various towns along the bank. Mr. Guthrie believes in the Tyne Bridge of Hadrian, predecessor of that built by the Bishop of Durham and the Corporation of Newcastle, which was kept in repair by Royal Bounties, collections through all the churches in England, and other strange expedients. It was the heavy port-dues which caused ships to discharge ballast where it blocked up the river's mouth, turning it (said Lord Mulgrave) into a "cursed horse-pond." Very pleasing is the life of their late secretary, wherewith the Commissioners have prefaced their work.

"Science, a Stronghold of Belief" (Sampson Low and Co.), is as much a truth for us as it is for Dr. Richard Budd Painter, who, in six volumes, of which this is the first, undertakes to prove what we should rather accept as an axiom. Anyhow we are sure that the more science advances the more true belief will be strengthened. Whether Dr. Painter's method will convince many we will not pretend to foretell. It cannot be called "A Short Method with Unbelievers;" for this first instalment consists of nearly 500 closely-printed pages. His research is immense, and the number of facts which he brings together must command respect; but we wish he was not quite so aggressive. It hardly befits the dignity of science to keep asking "What do you say to that, Materialist?" And no good can possibly be done by attributing to Professors Tyndall and Huxley opinions which they have again and again disclaimed, and by using Darwinism as a synonym for crude Materialism. Instinct and articulate speech are Dr. Painter's two grand reasons against evolution; if man's speech was gradually developed, and is not radically different from that of animals, how is it that no race of beasts has begun some rudimentary articulation? How, seeing the whole knowledge of a generation of bees dies with them, could the arrangement of feeding up queens and neuters, and drones have been "evolved"? The same with ants, and all insects and most birds. This is worth thought. Indeed the whole book is more than a mere literary curiosity.

Beginning with "The Uses and Origin of a Nervous System," Dr. Bastian, in "The Brain as an Organ of Mind" (C. Kegan Paul and Co.), goes on to describe brains of all kinds, from the lowest to the highest. He treats of "The Scope of Mind," "Instinct," "From Brute to Human Intelligence," "Phrenology, New and Old." How he treats of these, any one who knows his previously published writings and his long series of controversial experiments can pretty well judge. The effect of researches like Dr. Bastian's is to narrow the limits within which we must search for that thinking faculty which always evades our search. Only lately has the brain (which Aristotle believed to be an inert lump, useful only to keep the heart cool) been recognised as the principal organ of Mind. Malpighi's "animal spirits" pervading the whole frame lasted for two centuries; not a hundred years ago the fluid of the brain-ventricles was held to be the *sensorium commune*, i.e. the true organ of Mind; "perceptive centres" are quite a recent fact in physiology. It is curious to note what different views Dr. Bastian and Dr. Painter take of ants. The former gives wonderful instances of their pertinacious sagacity; in the eyes of the latter, they are downright stupid outside their instinctive range—therefore (he argues) there can be no such thing as evolution. Dr. Bastian's name is a sufficient warrant that this volume is quite equal to any in this series ("International Scientific") to which it belongs; were we hypercritical, our plea would be for a few less quotations; in a scientific treatise one does not care to be dosed with Thompson's "Laws of Thought," even though its author is now an Archbishop.

"Three Shots from a Popgun" is the title—somewhat suggestive of childishness, by the way—of a volume of short stories, by James Prior (Remington).—From the opening remarks in the first of the series we gather that the action is supposed to take place thirty years ago. As giving some idea of the men and manners of that period, perhaps these trifles are not without interest; but the dialogues are meretriciously smart, and the plots baresfaced and artificial. The stories are nevertheless amusing, and will serve to while away an idle half hour, though they seem rather of the stage, stony.

Judging from the innumerable works, great and small, intended for popular perusal on medical and surgical matters, until recently supposed to be beyond the ken of most people, one would think that

"Every Man His Own Doctor" is the order of the day. The market has been flooded with "Health Primers" and "Guides to Health," and now Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co., have commenced a "Long Life Series," of which we have received the four first volumes. We do not know that these books are either better or worse than others of a like character previously given to the world, and no doubt they will find readers, because sanitation and hygiene are exciting general interest just now. We notice, however, that though the publishers announce that they are "accurately written and carefully edited by distinguished members of the medical profession," the little volumes are published anonymously, which, to say the least, is not reassuring.

We have received the first seven numbers of "Illustrated Europe," a series of small illustrated guide-books to the most frequented haunts of the tourist, published by Orell Füssli and Co., at Zurich. They are more remarkable for eccentric English than for novelty of information; though perhaps there was not much to say which could be called new. To quote the quaint preface, "They are richly illustrated, written in an interesting way by well-known authors, and each volume costs only fifty cents, or fivepence, which is certainly very cheap." The authors, be it understood, are better known on the Continent than here, and, if we mistake not, these little books are translations.

We must acknowledge the receipt of Kelly's "Directory of Stationers, Printers, Booksellers, Publishers, and Paper Makers," which has reached its third edition, the first having been published in 1872. From the very interesting preface we gather that the publishing trades have not suffered so much as many other industries of the kingdom during the recent severe depression; and that, though there was a marked falling off, it was neither universal nor permanent. The present edition contains 60,000 names, or 10,000 more than in that of 1876—a very satisfactory increase. The work is likely to prove very generally useful, including, as it does, every one having any connection with paper, from the "ragman" to the publisher.

In noting the second edition of Mr. G. H. Larmouth's "Real Property Handbook" (John Heywood), we may call attention to his very sensible observations on Building Societies and their dangers. A word of warning and advice on these important institutions has long been wanted.

We may also note Mrs. Loudoun's "Amateur Gardener," edited and revised by W. Robinson; and "Husband and Wife, and the Law of Divorce," by C. E. Baker (Warne and Co.).

### A RABBIT HASH

THAT very rude young man in *Punch*, who asked an elderly gentleman who the old lady was sitting by the two girls who looked like skinned rabbits, must have felt slightly uncomfortable when his companion informed him that the old lady was his wife, "and the skinned rabbits, sir, are my daughters." I quote from memory. It was an exceedingly uncomplimentary comparison, for your skinned rabbit is about as repulsive-looking an article of food as can well be imagined, and only yields the palm to that unfortunate caricature of humanity, the ring-tailed monkey, prepared and skewered for an *al fresco* feast beneath the trees of some South American forest. In fact the sight of the unpacking of a box or crate of Ostend rabbits is sufficient to make a fastidious person forego rabbit for the rest of his days.

My first acquaintance with the tame rabbit, to which family our friend of Ostend belongs, was in very early days, when a most satisfactory hutch was contrived out of a wooden box and some thick iron wire, the whole forming a prison through whose bars sundry beautiful white rabbits with delicate pink eyes used to be constantly thrusting their noses to be fed on oats, bran, and cabbage leaves. This was done to such an extent that one by one they died of some severe form of indigestion, only two arriving at mature days, when they were condemned to be eaten, the writer seeing them killed à la rabbit by a blow on the back of the head, to which he, in his horror, added many more with an old blacking brush because the poor things were struggling still. My first acquaintance with the wild rabbit at his home, for of course rabbit boiled, roast, curried, and pied, had long been familiar, was one cold windy December day on a bleak hill side, when deluded into a ferreting trap. This trap consisted in a walk to some sandy furzy slopes full of holes, where a creature like a short serpent that had run to four legs and fur was placed at the mouth of a rabbit hole, which was, like several others, covered with a net, and then the sport consisted in waiting till the rabbits were driven out by the ferret. There is more chil than excitement about this sport, especially when the ferret absolutely refuses to show his nose again for four hours, and not a rabbit is seen, as proved to be the case in this particular instance.

One can learn in London that wild rabbits cost from one shilling and sixpence to one and ninepence apiece; and also that after their fur is cut short to a velvety pile on their skins the said skins are dyed and dressed, and become seal, while the loose fur by some ingenious process is formed into felt hats; but it is necessary to live in a thoroughly retired woodland part of the country to know anything about rabbits and their ways, with those of their relative the hare, who has so great a love of peace and quietness that he refuses to occupy the same wood where his lively cousins skip and frisk, the noise they make being too much for his nerves. In fact so timorous are he and his gentle long-eared partner that the very fall of the leaves in autumn drives them by the rustling into the open fields. For that matter, though, it is hard to find a more timid creature than the rabbit in his home, and one soon discovers why Nature has furnished him with such largely developed eyes and ears. Complaints made by farmers of the damage done by ground game to their growing crops are little heeded, but the little-heeders should take to a garden running down to a sandy ravine in a state of nature, the division being a wooden fence well protected at the bottom by wire netting to keep the rabbits out. It is a pleasant fiction, that respecting wire netting, and lovers of their garden trust therein as those who fear burglars trust in locks, bolts, and bars. In the present instance, the first warning the writer had of the inefficiency of the galvanised web was in seeing that, night after night, the long-eared marauders had visited the row of winter greens, nibbling them close off to the stumps, and farther on in spring, religiously clearing off in a night every tender broccoli and Brussels sprout plant that had been set out for the next season. Search was made, holes found and stopped, and fresh plantations made, but all in vain; fresh plantations resulted in fresh holes, and the young plants were eaten off till the planting out was given up in despair, but the rabbits solaced themselves with the carrot-tops and parsley, the fine white turnips and the orange jelly of that ilk, denuding the garden thoroughly till autumn came and the apples began to fall. It is too much to say perhaps that the rabbits climbed the trees and shook the apples down, but certainly they fell at a rapid rate, and were nibbled to the skin by the persevering little thieves, who worked on assiduously till winter wrapped the garden in its snows, over which their well-marked footprints could be seen running in all directions, while, nothing of a tender vegetable nature having been left, they took to the tough, and gnawed off the bark of the young apple trees as far as they could reach.

Why not have stopped them? it may be said. The answer is simple, they refused to be stopped. Your rabbit is one of the most playful and innocent-looking of creatures, but in his little brain there is much guile. You stop him out in one place and he appears in another. The wire netting he jumps over if he is too lazy, or the

ground too hard, to burrow under, the wooden fence he gnaws, and falling there, he comes in at the open gate, and almost always by night. His great eyes gather enough rays to make the dark hours cheerful to him, while his great ears, that have been lying flat, rise erect at the faintest sound, and a footfall sends him scurrying away at express speed. Traps are cruel, but efficacious when the rabbit's run is found, and he can be prevailed upon to enter in; but as a rule the setting of a trap, however cunningly concealed in one of the holes a rabbit has been through for six nights, is a signal for him to make a new way of entrance on the seventh, while as regards guns, it requires practice to shoot well by eye: to shoot with an accurate aim in the dark hours by ear requires, or would require, the practice of a life.

Some rabbits have quite a *bizarre* taste, and will feast them pleasantly on the yellow and purple crocus, the fragrant pink, and a variety of other flowers, while one of their worst points in a flower garden is an obstinate determination not to be satisfied with the way in which the soft soil of a bed may be arranged. The bed may have been covered with finely pulverised soil and smoothly raked, but the cunning coney loves to arrange it according to a plan of his own, and scratches it into hollows with their consequent heaps. One early spring time, when the kitchen garden had been neatly prepared for the summer seeds and made into beds, a mania seemed to have seized upon the lady rabbits of the adjacent wood that these proceedings had been taken in their behoof, for in no less than five different places were traces found of the earth having been carefully scratched up, and as neatly scratched back. So cleverly was this executed that, but for the fact of the newly-turned soil being darker in colour than that around, it would have been impossible to tell that it had been moved. But it was, and every night, by an anxious mother, who had made in each case a subterranean nursery, lined it with dead grass and the soft fur of her bosom, and there for safety buried alive her juveniles, like the young prince in the Arabian Nights. These youngsters were no more fortunate than the prince in his subterranean home, for, as the places were found, a spade was set to work, and after tracing the burrow for some distance families of fours and fives were brought to light, warm, dry, and ready to run for their lives before they were captured and placed in a basket with their wool. Air seemed not to have been a necessity, for they were completely buried, and in the basket sought hard to bury themselves again. The old handler of the spade shook his head at the idea of their being kept, but a chorus of childish voices saved the pretty little fellows' lives, and they were taken indoors to be brought up by hand, and for many days to come the little things partook of nutriment from a saucer of milk administered with camels' hair brushes, of which and the children's warm hands they seemed highly to approve. Though wild by nature, and ready to rush off and hide at the slightest noise, the little things soon grew comparatively tame, and for the most part were successfully reared, some to escape and others to share the fate to which their elders were mercilessly condemned—execution, and preparation at the hands of the cook.

Fortunately, to counterbalance their rapid increase the rabbit has plenty of foes: omnivorous man, with his engines of destruction of course comes first, then there is the half-wild cat, the rat who devours the young, and lastly the stoat and weasel, both of which little gentlemen patiently hunt the rabbit down, especially if he ventures from his hole on a summer's day, when his piercing squeal may be heard as he strives in vain to escape from his indefatigable foe. Speaking as a gardener, may the shadows of these foes never lessen when on the rabbit's trail.

G. MANVILLE FENN



### II.

**THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.**—Bereft of his leading contributors, who by reason of their official cares are debarred from the pleasures of literature, Mr. Knowles has fallen back on men who are no contemptible successors to the giants who ensured the early success of this powerful periodical. The names of Huxley, Ruskin, and Vambery on the table of contents of any magazine should be sufficient to stamp it as one of more than ordinary, indeed of extraordinary, merit; but, in addition to these pillars of support, we find that eminent lawyer and artist, Sir R. Collier, writing on landscape painting; the Member for the Orkneys, now Chairman of the London and Brighton Railway, and ex-Finance Minister of the Indian Empire, discussing with all the ability and all the authority of a pastmaster in the craft, the crisis in Indian Finance; we have a continuation of the discussion on Doctors and Nurses by Miss Lonsdale, and two well-known members of the healing art; we have Mr. Pears, than whom no one is better qualified to write on such a subject, sketching a Programme of Reforms for Turkey; we have General Strachey contributing a very ill-advised, but characteristic essay on Indian Budget Estimates, upholding views condemned by all except his brother and himself; and we have a worthy Mahomedan criticising our rule in India with a freedom which the Press Censor at Simla will view with concern. To attempt to criticise the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* would be far beyond the scope of this article; rarely, if ever, have we met with an issue of this periodical which contained more valuable matter. Doubtless, now that the deficit in the Indian Budget Estimates are attracting so much attention, the papers that will be most generally read will be those by Messrs. Laing and Strachey; whilst in view of the probable results of Mr. Goschen's Mission to Constantinople, Mr. Edwin Pears' article on Turkish reforms will be highly appreciated. Mr. Pears does not mince matters, and those who have recently travelled in the Sultan's dominion will agree with him that "the British Consul in Turkey, as a rule, has felt it his duty to recognise the Turk as the incarnation of everything that is right and the Greek Rayah of everything that is wrong." Mr. Pears, on the contrary, is of opinion that the Turkish administration is rotten and corrupt to the backbone, and that until a new one is substituted reform is impossible. Mr. Laing and General Strachey hold views so diametrically opposed to each other that it is, perhaps, more amusing than instructive to read their articles side by side. Making every allowance for the general's fraternal affection, or his evident desire to shield a system which he as his brother's *locum tenens* at the outset of the Afghan War must have been intimately acquainted with, we cannot help feeling that his advocacy is misplaced, as well as mistimed, and that it will require more than clever reasoning to explain away the error of which Lord Lytton and Sir John Strachey have been guilty.

**The Contemporary** contains a number of excellent articles less heavy than the usual run to be found in this periodical. Malcolm Khan, the Persian Ambassador, contributes a second essay on the Eastern Question, and demonstrates beyond power of refutation the immorality which rules the governing classes in Turkey. If anything were needed to convince us of the hopeless nature of Mr. Goschen's mission, this article should suffice to dispel all allusion as to the practicability of possibility of effecting reforms in the Turkish Empire. As an Armenian, one intimately acquainted with the whole bearing of the case Malcolm Khan deserves the thanks of every Englishman for his able, clear, and manly letters.—Another article on that same subject by that pedantic and dogmatic Somersetshire historian Mr. E. A. Freeman shows how entirely a clever man may be led astray by passion. It is easy to prophecy after the event, and had Mr. Freeman's article appeared six months ago we

should have felt inclined to rank him among the prophets, for he certainly formed one of a very small band who believed in the downfall of the Conservative Ministry.—The Oxford pupil who has raised John Ruskin on a pedestal, and who worshipping him as a demigod, writes an essay on the public letters of that eminent art critic, would do well to read Sir R. Collier's article on Landscape Painting in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*. He would there learn that even the decisions of Mr. Ruskin are open to cavil, and that more than one artist refuses to acknowledge his omnipotence. It may be well for a pupil to believe in his master, but even these effusive compliments should be avoided.—Mr. Ellice Hopkins writes on Sir John Lubbock's pet subject, "Ants," and Mr. O'Connor, M.P., deprecates the admission of moneyed men into Parliament, and considers that a large majority of the seats should be reserved for journalists.

**Blackwood** gives us instalments of "Dr. Wortle's School" and "Bush Life in Queensland," the latter of which contains much good reading, whilst the former promises to become an excellent work of fiction.—A very horrible article on "Suicide" occupies a prominent position in the magazine. It might with advantage have been omitted.—"The Reconstruction of Sheepfolds" is a very clever and amusing bit of writing, which will well repay perusal.—The article on "Fishing and Fishing Literature" should be read in conjunction with one on a similar subject in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. They will both delight the souls of the followers of Isaac Walton.—"The Ex-Amir, Yakub Khan," from the Note-book of a Staff Officer, is an article that will be widely read just now, where there seems a probability of our restoring this wretched incompetent to the throne of Cabul.—"Conservative Reorganisation" is a fit subject for *Blackwood* to deal with. We trust we have heard the last of want of money on the Tory side, and that they now will candidly own their defeat was not due to lack of funds or lack of men, but to bad generalship.

**The Gentleman's Magazine** is a very good number. Mr. Francillon's novel still retains its interest, "The Fishes of the Great Canadian Lakes," "Curiosities of Criticism," and "Table Talk," being, we think, the best contributions.

We must confess to being disappointed with *Macmillan*. "He That Will Not When He May" drags wearily along, and shows signs of drawing to a close.—Sir Charles Trevelyan's article on "England and Russia" is written with a strong political bias, nevertheless, as emanating from one who was in bygone days a member of the Viceroy's Council, it deserves to be carefully read.

**Chambers' Journal** contains an enormous amount of matter for eightpence. The little story of "Aden Harbour" will recall dismal recollections to those whose fate has ever led them down the Red Sea.—The topic of "Professional Robbers of the Peshawur Valley" has been rather meagrely handled. A very entertaining article might be written on this subject.—"A Life's Atonement," by D. Christie Murray, promises to be a very sensational story.

**Apropos** of the Ober-Ammergau play, which has attracted so much attention, the *Antiquary* gives us a slight sketch of similar attempts nearer home, and gives a very readable article on "Miracle Plays in Cornwall."—Mr. Ferrey's contribution on "Old St. Paul's" is also well worthy of perusal.

**The Atlantic Monthly** is also unusually good. "The Stillwater Tragedy" progresses charmingly.—"The Unlearned Professions" is the title of an article, showing the important part played in the world's history by men who do not belong to the so-called learned professions.—"The Future of Precious Metal Mining in the United States" should be read by all who are in danger of being led away by the mania of speculation. Mines and Mining Stocks in all parts of the New World are daily advertised in the papers, and the article shows with much clearness the localities in which precious metals exist.—Mr. Longfellow's sonnet, "The Poet and his Songs," is pretty, but not in the happiest vein of that great writer.—"A Telephonic Conversation" is eminently characteristic of Mark Twain, and consequently is most amusing.

**The North American Review** contains an article on "Popular Fallacies about Russia" which is one of the most important essays on the subject we have ever read. We have hitherto looked at Russia too much from an English point of view. Here, however, we see that what others think of our conduct towards Russia, which has never been blameless.—"Divorces in New England" should furnish food for some of our sensational novelists, who delight in revelling in this subject.—"Caste at West Point" is an eloquent defence of the cadets of that institution, who we are glad to see have been acquitted of all participation in the assault on the coloured cadet, whose case excited so much interest some short time ago.

**MR. SIKES' PHOTOGRAPH.**—A statement calculated to excite considerable consternation amongst the criminal classes was recently made by the Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department in reply to a question put to him in the House of Commons by Mr. P. A. Taylor. That excellent philanthropist wished to be informed whether the attention of the official in question had been called to a lately-issued report of the Visiting Justices of Stafford Prison, wherein it was stated that a convicted felon had been flogged for refusing to have his photograph taken. The Under-Secretary made answer that the Justices had the power of ordering any prisoner convicted of felony to receive corporal punishment for repeated offences against prison discipline. He quoted an Act, by virtue of which the prison authorities have the right to have the photograph of a prisoner taken either at the time of his entering the prison or subsequently. The man in question had repeatedly declined to comply with what was a very necessary process in connexion with the administration of justice, and consequently the authorities had acted in strict accordance with the discretionary powers vested in them. Admirable, however, as such a system may prove in its working it is evident on the face of it that it cannot be effectually shorn of all the difficulties that attach to it, no matter how incisive the legislative shears resorted to. There is an ancient proverb that tells us it is one thing to lead a horse to the water and another to make him drink, and, according to the same rule, there are equally insuperable obstacles in the way of taking a life-like photograph of a man who has his own private and particular reasons for objecting to his mirrored self being preserved in a gaol album. It may not be in his power to refuse to "sit," since the warders can thrust him into a chair, and bind him there; but no power on earth can prevent him sneezing, gaping, squinting, or screwing his visage awry at the critical moment. A mere puffing out the cheeks or extending the mouth in an affable grin could scarcely be construed as being an act of "refusal," while it would materially lessen the value of the portrait for the purposes of future identity, and might lead to awkward mistakes. By the by, might not the photographing system be usefully extended to certain civil as well as criminal offences? If there was an artist in attendance at all the police-station houses to take a "photo" of all "drunk and incapable" exactly as they appear before Mr. Inspector, and the same was presented to the penitent inebriate next morning, it would probably have a deterrent effect more lasting than a magisterial lecture, and a ten shilling fine as well.

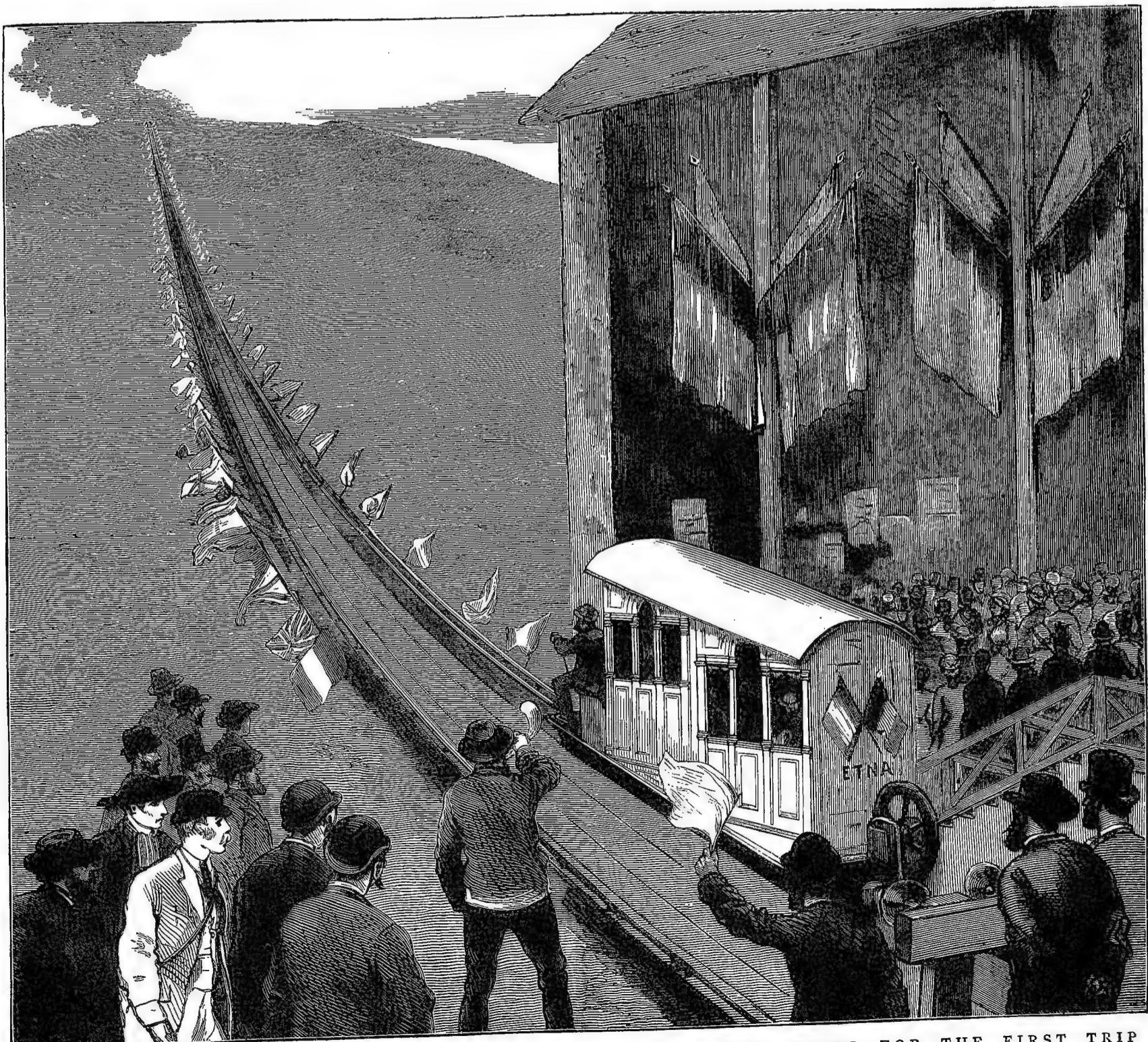
**A MODEL FACTORY TOWN** is to be formed near Chicago by the Pullman Palace Car Company. Around the workshops will be extensive grounds laid out like a park, with a drive two miles long, while a wall will encircle the estate, the workmen's cottages being scattered about the grounds. The Americans have probably taken a hint from Herr Krupp's establishment at Essen.



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strong family likeness one to the other. "Off We Go," a spirited galop, and "Esmeralda," a Spanish dance, are the best of the group.—Of two pleasing pianoforte pieces, by Felix Löwe, "Albend Glocken" will be preferred to "Papillons" by persons of cultivated taste.—Charles Hallé has brought out a new edition of his popular "Impromptu in F major." This graceful piece should be learnt by heart, as should also be "Danse Magique," by Cotsford Dick. These two pieces are well adapted for after-dinner performance.—Two very fair specimens of dance music by Conrad Danzi are "Her Own Galop" and "Wald Blumen Valse." The frontispiece to the latter is very attractive.

MESSRS. WOOD AND CO.—Four pianoforte pieces by E. Redhead, Mus. Bac. Oxon., do him credit. Best of the group is "Rondino in E flat."—"Remembrance" and "Romance" are also good; but "The Wedding March of a Marionette" will not bear comparison with Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette," from

which Mr. Redhead has evidently taken his idea.—"Merry Bells Polka," also by Mr. Redhead, is very poor, and proves that he has no vocation for writing dance music.—A brace of transcriptions for the pianoforte by Carl Wilhelm, from *Le Nozze* (Mozart), and "Serenade" (Mozart) are but ordinary specimens of their kind. The latter named is the better of the two.—No. 7 of "Perles Classiques," for the pianoforte, is Clementi's "Fuga in C," and "Adagio Sostenuto," from Op. 14, edited and fingered by Carlo Tissot—valuable to our classical musical libraries.—A graceful *morceau de salon* is "Rêve de Bonheur," by Eugen Woycke.—For an after dinner song in a country house "The Old Jockey," written and composed by W. F. Bradshaw will find a sure welcome, there is a genuine and healthy pathos in the words, and the music is tuneful, the compass is moderate and the chorus spirited.—No. 45 of "A Wreath of Roses," arranged by Frank Pervival, is "Une Soirée au Cirque," very lively and not at all difficult, it will please

young players.—It is gratifying amongst so much that is dull and oft-repeated to come across so bright and original set of waltzes as "Wogenlieder," composed by Alessandro Selva.—It is really too absurd to introduce the "Waldstein's Giant Note Method" for vocal purposes, the effect of the large notes on third line, and the small ones for the accompaniments is irritating in the extreme.

A. COX.—One of Algernon Swinburne's prettiest poems, "A Match" ("If Love were what the Rose is"), has been carefully set to music by Louis N. Parker, A.R.A.M.—There is real pathos and sentiment in "By-and-By," words by F. E. Weatherly, and music by T. C. Lewis.—A brace of well-written pianoforte pieces, by Fred. A. Dunster, are a "March" and "Gavotte in B flat." We have heard the like of the latter more than once before.—"Les Echos des Bois" and "La Villanelle" are two fairly good pianoforte pieces, by Giacomo Ferraris, but will not add greatly to his musical fame.

## BIRTH.

On the 14th inst., at 66, George Street, Camberwell Road, S.E., the wife of JOHN ANGOLD, of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

On the 15th inst., at St. Matthew's, Oakley Square, by the Rev. Richard King, of Prestwich, SHIRLEY FORSTER MURPHY, Esq., to ELLEN THEODORA, eldest daughter of the late HENRY SAMUEL KING, Esq., J.P., of the Manor House, Chigwell, Essex.

On the 1st inst., at the Wesleyan Chapel, Camden Street, N.W., JAMES SIMPSON to HEPZIBAH, eldest daughter of JOHN MARSH, of Blackheath.

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"VANITY FAIR" will be published on

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The sum of £50,000 was at the same time added to the Fire Reserve Fund, which now amounts to £500,000, and the sum of £15,000 added to the Credit of "General Reserve Fund," was added to the Paid-up Capital, thereby increasing the same to £500,000.

The following are extracts from the Report submitted:—The operations of the year resulted in a profit of £30,059. 9s. 4d.

## FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The stationary character of the revenue from this Department, which was a feature of the years 1877-8, has at length given place to signs of movement, and the Directors have the pleasure of reporting that the premiums for the past year exhibit an increase of £8,243 less, od. over those of the previous year, that is to say from £40,582. 5s. 1d. which was the income in 1878, to £41,932. 1s. 1d. the income in 1879.

The losses amounted to £22,752. 1s. 1d. or 54.97 per cent. of the premiums, which is 2.75 per cent. below the average of the Company's whole experience since its establishment in 1836.

The expenses of management, including commission to agents, and outgoings of every kind not specially chargeable to the Life Department, and therefore chargeable to this, amounted to £12,600. 1s. 1d. or 30.34 per cent. of the receipts, which is a fraction above the ratio of last year.

## LIFE DEPARTMENT.

The new Assurances granted during the year reached in the aggregate the sum of £329,058, upon which the Premiums amounted to £10,841. 5s. 3d., whereof £1,491. 7s. 7d. were Single, and £10,340 os. 8d. Annual Premiums.

The total income of the year (including interest) was £212,966. 11s. 4d.

The claims were unusually heavy, and amounted to £149,735. 2s. 2d., of which £1,851. 2s. 7d. was for Endowments payable during life.

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The Distribution of the Profits of the Quinquennial ending 31st December next will take place at the General Meeting held on the 20th ultimo:—

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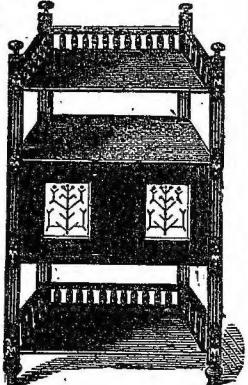
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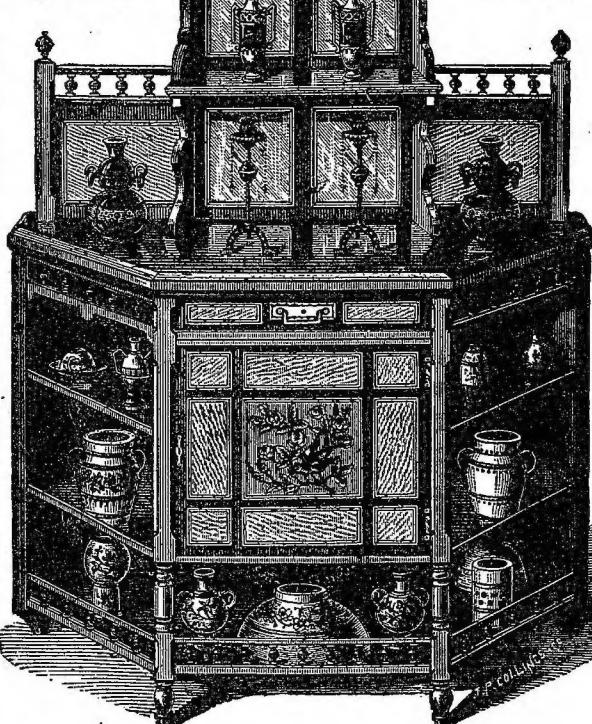
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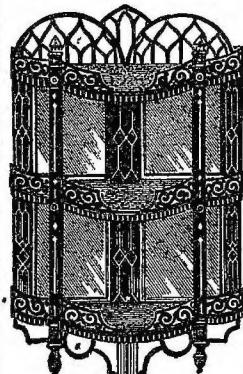


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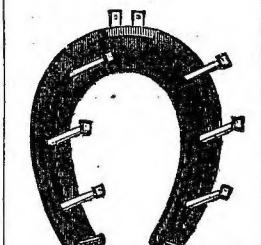
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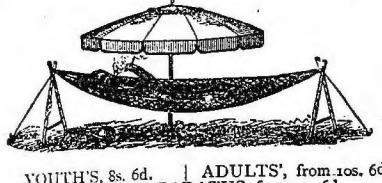
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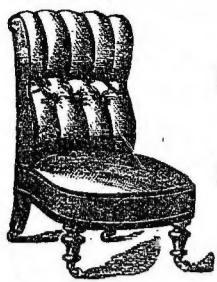
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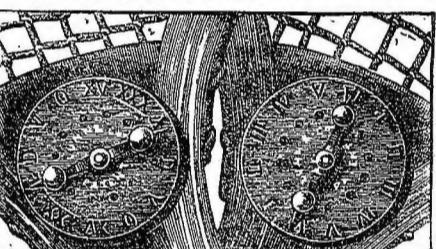
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